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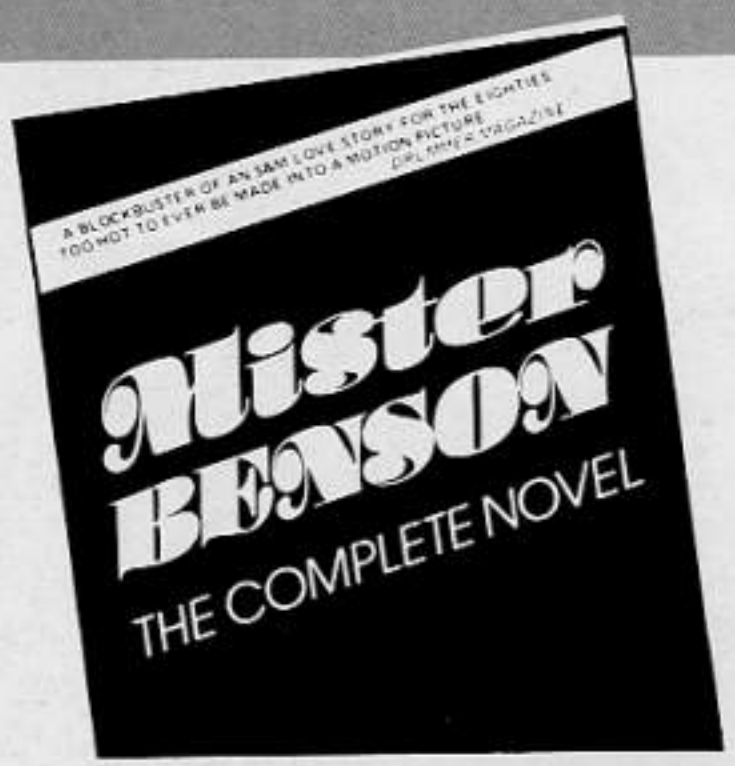
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In Search of OLDER MEN

DRUMMER DADDIES 2

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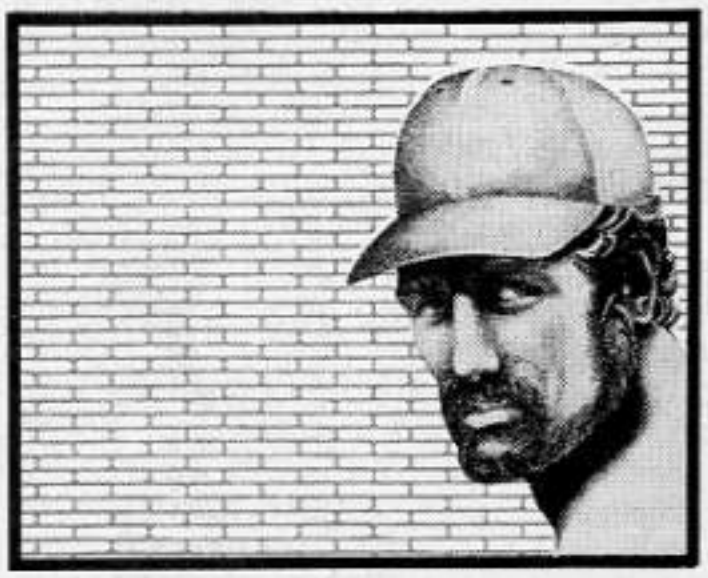

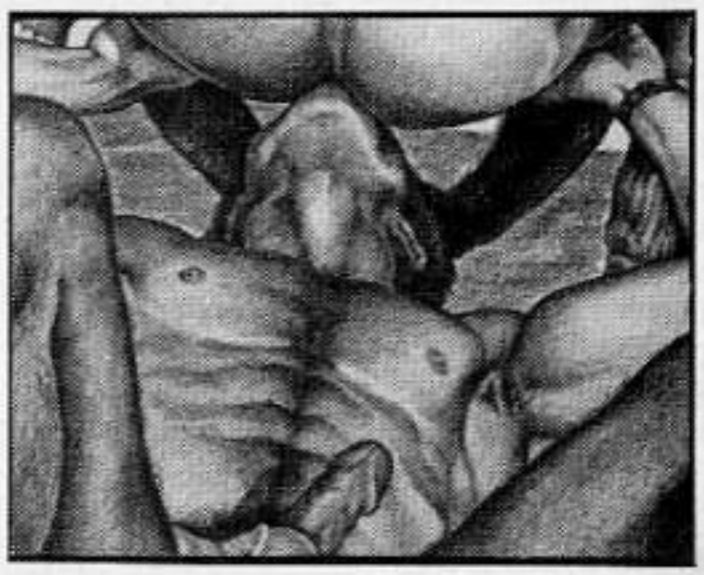

Opposite page photo by Jim Wigler ***Cover photo by Jim Moss***

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN

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DRUMMER'S DADDIES

GENTLE GIANT

I've read the Daddy series in *Drummer* since you first started it, and it strikes me that there must be a lot of mean Daddies out there. My Daddy isn't like that at all. He's big and protective and warm, and sometimes I think he's more of a little boy than I am—but there's never any question as to which role is which.

I met my Daddy in Austin, Texas. I'd gone to college there, moved to California for a couple of years, then moved back. Things had changed a lot in my absence, and almost all of my old college friends had moved away. I guess I was feeling pretty lonely and out of place, even though I was back on my home turf. I definitely needed a friend. I didn't know I needed a Daddy until I met Tom.

We met at a bar called Dirty Sally's. It's close to campus, and on Tuesdays they have a free beer night, so there are lots of students. Later I found out that's why Tom was there; he likes his men in their early twenties.

Tom himself is 37 and a big guy, not so tall (about 5'10") but a real bruiser—big meaty shoulders, a massive trunk and muscular arms and legs. He's balding in front, wears a mustache and glasses and has a deep Texas accent that makes me melt. He exudes a very basic man-appeal.

I was standing alone when he came up and asked me for a light. When our eyes met, there was a definite spark. He appealed to me immediately, and I guess I was what he was looking for, too—I was 25 then, maybe a little older than his ideal, but people tell me I look younger. I'm cleanshaven, lean, my chest is smooth (Tom's is hairy), and about 130 pounds (Tom outweighs me by about 50 pounds). Pretty soon we were back at his place. The sex that night was very gentle and easy-going and satisfying (Tom seemed to think I was something delicate that he might break.) I really felt at ease in his bedroom—it was like coming back home to Texas, and all that that meant to me. The walls were bare wood, the furniture was old stuff, and there was a fireplace. Tom had been a Green Beret in Vietnam, and there were mementos and insignia on the walls and shelves, including a picture of him shaking hands with LBJ. There was also a weight set. I noticed he didn't look nearly as beefy in that old picture (he also had more hair); he'd only started working out real seriously in the past few years, but I guess he has the type of body that really takes well to putting on hard bulk.

Best of all, there was a mirror by the bed. It really turned me on, looking at the two of us together, and how different we were—him older and so much bigger (his cock is quite a bit larger than mine too), me younger and smaller, almost like a kid beside him.

I love to suck cock, and a lot of times I just don't get enough—the other guy is so eager to get it into my ass, or just won't sit still as long as I'd like. But there was no problem with Tom. He sat back against the headboard of the bed and opened his big beefy thighs and let me scoot in between and suck to my heart's content. His cock is the perfect size and shape for my throat. I swallowed it over and over, licked the smooth, cool skin inside his thighs, held his big balls in my mouth and stroked his shaft with my hands. All the time he ran his hands through my hair and crooned with pleasure.

Later he fucked me, and it was heaven. It was like he was screwing me with his whole body, slow and deep—big cock, big body hovering over me, like a protective mountain. He stayed hard after he came in me, and looking at his big slick shaft I got real hungry again. We did a 69 for a long time, just locked together, each of us drawing the other in, and then he fucked me again. He had already come, so that was a long fuck—he moved me all around with those big brawny arms of his, never taking it out of me, fucking me on my back, my stomach, on my side. I felt like that cock was part of me, or more, like I was part of his cock now, a warm safe place to park it for the night.

Afterwards he made coffee and kindled the fire. We sat in his bed, touching each other, and talked for a long time. He came from a very conservative Baptist background, and had only come out a few years before—he said he thought maybe that was why he liked men so much younger than he was, because he'd never had them when he at that age. It was odd to think that I'd been having sex for more years than he had. That made him seem a little naive in a way, but in another way there was something very mellow and matured about him that I'd never found in anyone my own age.

Our backgrounds were so different, there was a lot for us to share. I especially liked listening to him talk about his years as a Green Beret.

We've been pretty inseparable since then. I think the biggest turn-on, the thing that keeps both of us coming back for more, is just how different we are. Because of that, sometimes I feel a little self-conscious when we go out as a couple—I mean, it's not like two guys the same age, who might just appear to be buddies. There he is, this big bear of a guy, and there I am, the lean kid. But that's alright, as long as he's there for me to snuggle up against when we get to his place.

Ken
Austin, TX

OFFICE DADDY

It was some years back that I met Bobby. He was just out of high school, working down in the warehouse. My office is up on the

fifth floor (I'm head of a department for a large corporation); he worked in a separate building on street level, across a parking lot from the main tower. So I seldom saw him in the hallways, but I'd see him in the commissary at lunchtime, or on the loading dock—the window behind my desk looks directly down on the warehouse.

He had longish blond hair, a face like a beachboy or a suntan lotion model, and a beautiful body—often on hot days I'd see him down there with his shirt off. Wide shoulders, hairless swimmer's pecs, a narrow waist and flat tummy. I wanted to meet him for quite some time, but wasn't sure how to go about it. After a while I was pretty certain he might be interested in meeting me—those looks he'd give me in the commissary had to mean something. I knew what I wanted to do with him, too—screw his brains out. Those young surfer types do that to me. (I'm 42, by the way; dark hair, mustache, solid build, eight inch cock with real bull's balls; played football and lifted weights in college, and I've kept up my training religiously.)

I was surprised when he made the first move. I happened to see him in the hallway one afternoon, while I was headed to the men's room. We made eye contact, but were too far away to speak. I went into the toilet, stood in front of the urinal and pulled out my cock. A few seconds later the door opened. I didn't even look up—I hadn't expected him to follow me in. But when he joined me at the next urinal, I could tell out of the corner of my eye that it was Bobby.

I started getting excited. Maybe you know that feeling of anticipation, when your breathing changes, your sex drive starts shifting into gear. I finished my piss, just looking down at my cock. Somehow I could tell he was looking at it too. As the stream let up, I reached into my pants and pulled out my balls—that usually gets the kids excited—I've never seen anybody with balls as big as mine. I stroked my shaft, not too obviously, more for display purposes. It started getting fatter and longer. I knew he was watching now. I heard him take in a sharp breath, like he had just made up his mind to do it. And he did. He reached over and touched it. His fingers were trembling. I looked at his face then. It was like he was in a sort of trance. "Go ahead," I told him.

He looked up at me. He was scared, maybe a little confused—that turned me on even more. But he was probably right—it wasn't too bright an idea to have him suck it out there. So I took him by the arm and led him into one of the stalls. I moved him around so he was kneeling on the toilet seat in front of me, feet out of view, then put my cock in his mouth. Something about him told me he was the submissive type, so I let him have it—really started fucking his mouth and throat. Pretty soon the saliva was spewing out of his mouth, running down his chin and wetting the front of his teeshirt. Once somebody came in—I let up on all the gagging, but kept it deep in his throat, and reached down to pinch his nipples *hard*, like I was daring him to make a sound. But he was a good boy and took it in silence.

After that, he started coming to my office regularly, usually at lunchtime. I'd lock the door, make him take off all his clothes, fuck his mouth and ass. Then I'd make him get dressed and send him back to work.

The first time he called me Daddy, it really turned me on. Pretty soon that was how we always addressed each other, as father and son. I thought it was a game, until the day he explained about his real father. It seems his old man had been pretty rough on him all through his adolescence and teenage years. What Bobby remembered best was the way his dad had taken a belt to him every Sunday afternoon. Once he caught Bobby with a hard-on during the belting, and after that he'd make Bobby beat off while he was being strapped.

When Bobby told me that story, I knew that's what he wanted from me. We couldn't do it in my office, so I told him to come to my apartment. That first time was unlike any sex I'd ever had. I'd done SM before, but this was somehow different. I did a lot more than belt him, taught him some things he'd never dreamed of. And his old man had never given Bobby what both of them really wanted and needed, a good fucking after the belt.

We've grown very close now, in a special way. I feel that he really is like my own son, as well as my lover, victim, cocksucker, slave. I've gotten him a better job with the company, but what I really want is to send him to college so he can make something of himself.

DAD TAUGHT ME A LOT

My father and I have always been very close, partly because I'm his only son (I've got four sisters). Also, I was the last kid in the family. I think he and Mom kept trying until they got a boy, and I think they were glad when they finally got one. Not that I was spoiled as a kid. I was brought up on a ranch in Montana, and I was always expected to do my share of the work. But both my parents always let me know they thought I was special. And being the only other male in the family, Dad and I were always pairing off to do "man" things together—working the ranch, making trips to auctions and market, staying home on Sundays while Mom and the girls went to church and afterwards sitting in the living room and listening to the ball game (we only had a radio most of the time I was growing up) while the womenfolk made lunch.

One of my earliest sexual memories is of the time—I must have been pretty small—when he "taught" me how to pee standing at a toilet. That may sound silly, but I remember it very vividly. We stood in front of the john, alone in the bathroom, and he took out his cock. I remember it looked just like mine, dark in color, only bigger and hairy. He showed me how to aim, not hitting the rim, and how striking the sides was quieter. Then he showed me how to shake it off so the last messy drops fell into the bowl, and told me to always be careful zipping up. I didn't think of it as sexual, at least not consciously, but I remember it seemed like an important moment of sharing to me, even then.

I don't have any other overtly sexual recollections of my father until later, when I was sixteen. (Though I think I always admired the way he looked and moved and talked. He was still young when I was growing up—he and Mom had gotten married pretty young—and had short, dark wavy hair kept in place with Vitalis. His body was lean and rangy, and he still hasn't put on much fat now that he's older—though his hair is about half gray now. He's always had a handsome face, with dark eyebrows, a wide mouth and a strong jaw. When I see old pictures of him, especially a portrait that stands on my parent's fireplace mantle, taken when he was in the navy, I can't help but think how goodlooking he was when he was

my age.)

Anyway, when I was sixteen, he decided it was time for me to have sex. I've heard this is often done in Europe, but I've never known anybody else who lost his virginity the way I did. He took me to a whorehouse. I remember I was very surprised, because I couldn't imagine my father would know where a whorehouse was. I was a little upset when he told me what he wanted me to do, because I thought he meant that he used the place himself, and at that age I was upset to think he was unfaithful to my mother. But he explained that he didn't go there himself, and I know he was telling the truth. He said he had used those kinds of places when he was in the navy, but hadn't stepped into one since he'd gotten married. He'd lost his virginity that way, and apparently it had been a good experience that he wanted me to have.

We talked about it several times. He told me there was no rush. Whenever I decided I was ready, he'd arrange it. Well, I was constantly horny, the way teenagers are, but I was also a little timid about doing it the first time, with a woman anyway. (I had done mutual masturbation with other guys, but that didn't seem to count—at least not then. Later I'd discovered that doing it with men was the Real Thing, at least for me.)

Finally, one day, I told him I was ready. You should have seen the smile on Dad's face.

It's funny, but I don't remember much at all about the woman they gave me at the whorehouse. It was out in the countryside, an isolated little place where about six women worked. The house was very neat, not garish or "dirty" looking at all. Dad and I went into the front room, and an older woman brought us some beers. Then she took Dad into another room, where he picked out the girl. He came back in, grinning, and he told me to go down the hall to the first room. I remember, very clearly, how he gave me a big hug first. I already had a hard-on, and being hugged by him while I was erect, feeling the pressure of his body against my my hard cock, sent a strange feeling all through me.

I also remember, all the time I was fucking the whore, how I kept imagining my Dad doing it. I pictured him the way he looked in that navy picture, except naked with a hard-on, mounting a woman the way I was and putting his cock in her. That's the image I still have of that experience—not of me screwing that girl, but of my father having sex. And all the time he was just down the hall.

I never actually had sex with my Dad, or even thought about it in a conscious way. But while I was off at college, I started having sex with men, and often during the act that image of him, naked and hard and pumping his cock into someone, would come into my head. For a while, when I'd go home, I was uncomfortable around him. He could tell, and I think he was quite hurt, not understanding, thinking he was losing touch with me. Then I faced the problem of telling him I was gay. I was really afraid of how he'd react, and it really weighed on me—I even started having dreams about it. When I finally told him, he said he'd thought so for a long time—there were little things he'd noticed. He also said that he didn't quite understand, but that he would learn to accept it, because he knew that's how it was with some guys. He told me he'd had a close friend in the navy who'd been homosexual—a couple of times Dad and this guy had even "experimented," but it really wasn't Dad's cup of tea.

After that, we became close again. He was the one who told Mom about my being gay. She was upset about it, and Dad was the one who stood up for me. I will never forget that.

I'm glad that someone is finally printing stories like this. I'm not into a "Daddy scene" per se, since I usually have sex with men close to my own age. But my Dad was and is an important part of my sexual imagination, and having him accept my way of life is one of the most important things I believe a father can do for his son. I love him more every year, and I go home to visit as often as I can. As he gets older, I want to be of as much help as I can, because I owe him a hell of a lot.

Sig
Washington (state)

ARROGANT SON

Listen you guys, sorry to let you down, but there's no way you daddy types are going to get in my ass. I took enough of that bullshit from my old man when I was growing up, and I'm dishing it out now, not taking it. That's why I got hold of my "daddy"—by the balls!

I'm 22, 6 feet tall, lean as a polecat and twice as mean. I also got a nine inch club between my legs and I know how to use it. (My old man's was bigger, but what the fuck. Yeah, I learned how to take it—mebbe that's why I know how to give it now that I'm my own man.)

My new "daddy" is 46, about four inches shorter than me, losing his hair and starting to go soft. He looks like a fucking accountant, which he happens to be. I met him at one of the bars South of Market. He was all duded up in his leathers. I was wearing tight-ass jeans to show off my equipment and a tight tee. I caught him looking at me, slavering like a fucking dog or something, so I walked up and says, "What the fuck is a fucking wimpo like you doing in a place like this?" He turns red as a beet. I gave him a good slap across the mouth, and his face turns redder. Something about him reminded me of my old man, except my old man was no wimp. I slapped him again, and he goes all teary-eyed. "Please, Son," he blubbers, "Don't humiliate me in front of all these men." I think: *Oh yeah!*

I told him we was going to his place. He's got a lot of nice stuff, I could tell he had money. I made myself comfortable, put my boots up on his fancy glass coffee table, and told him to strip. He stood there in front of me naked and shivering while I humiliated him, told him what a fat paunch he has, called him a bald old coot and told him he's over the hill.

First thing I did when I got up was make him squat down so I could piss on him. "No, Son," he whimpers, "not all over the carpet." "Fuck the carpet," I says and I slap him around. I made him eat out my ass, put some clamps on his tits, kicked him around, made him blow me. After I'd pissed in his mouth I got hard again so I fucked the bejesus out of him.

I hang out at his place now, beat him when I feel like it, fuck him when he pisses me off, just like my old man used to treat me. I also make him pay me a generous "allowance." Sometimes I bring friends over, and make "daddy" stay in his room while we party.

Yeah, I know what you guys think—you think I need a different type of "daddy," one who'll straighten me out, make me show that "respect" shit. You wanna try? Go ahead, just fucking try it!

Rebel
San Francisco

Daddy's Boy

Curled up in front of my black cycle boots,
Your dog bowl and blanket hug the corner,
Eagerly you wait for a word, a glance.
Ham of a hand seizes your hair—
Attention at last.
From me:
burning, wax-blotched skin;
rope imprisoned cock;
aching balls;
outstretched nipples;
abrasive neck collar;
a warm wet kiss;
you know why you love your daddy.

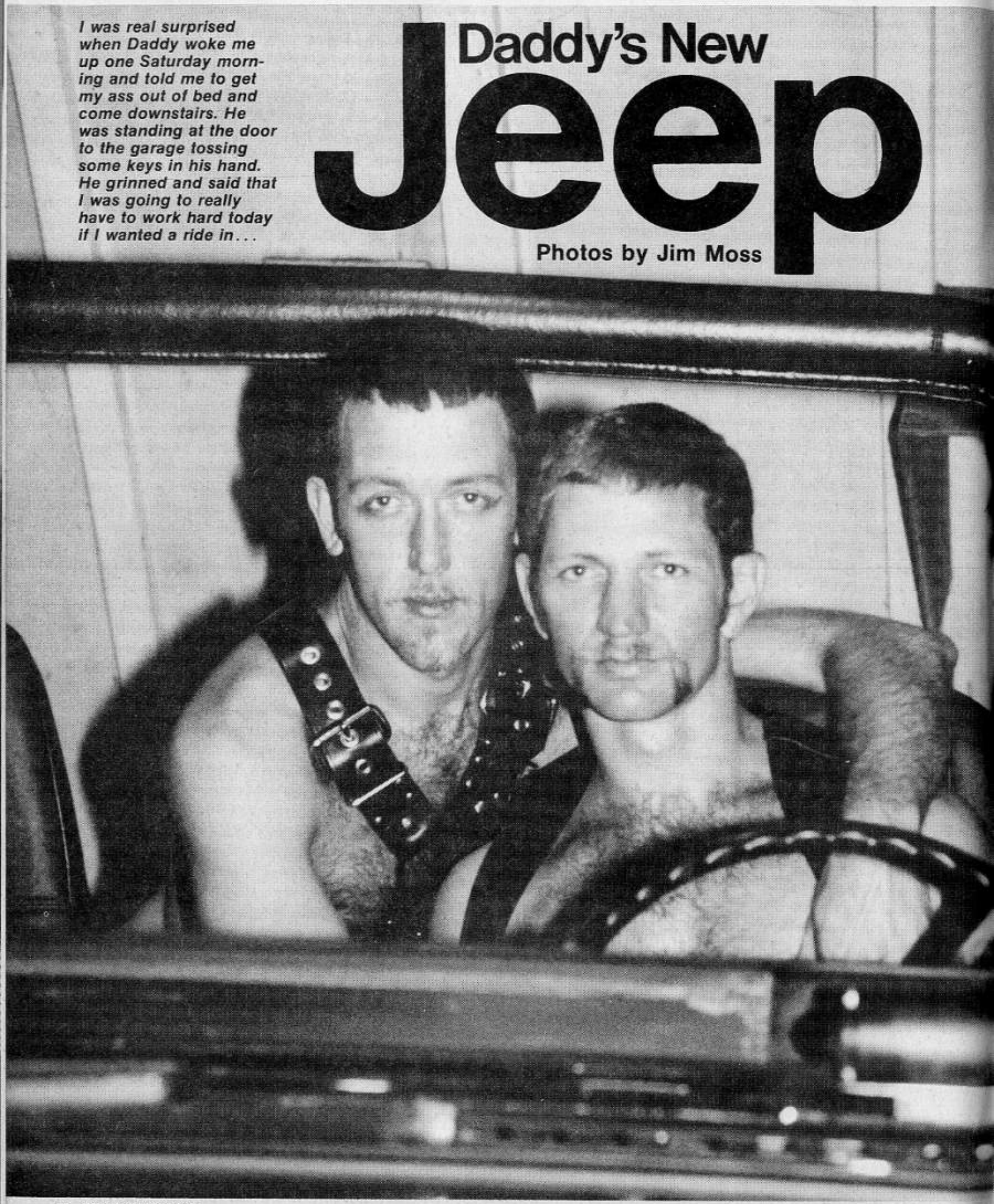
—Auggie Camelli

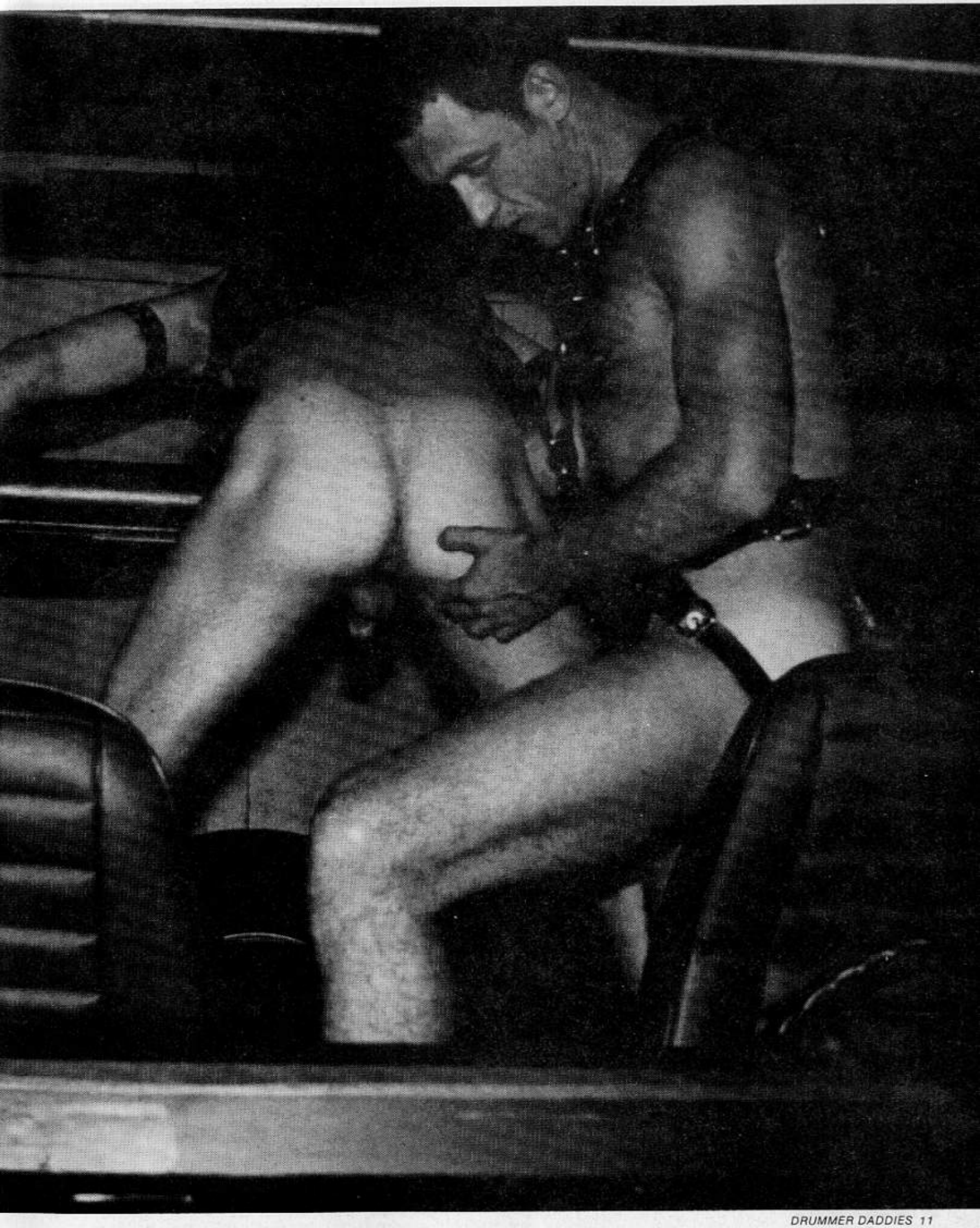
Photography: Jim Wiglor

Daddy's New Jeep

I was real surprised when Daddy woke me up one Saturday morning and told me to get my ass out of bed and come downstairs. He was standing at the door to the garage tossing some keys in his hand. He grinned and said that I was going to really have to work hard today if I wanted a ride in . . .

Photos by Jim Moss





Daddy's Visitation Rights

by Billy Wolfe

Illustration: Rex

"I guess I thought *all* men slugged while they fucked," Patsy mused.

We were sitting in her kitchen, our feet propped up on the pot-belly stove. Outside the window, heaven was pissing down like hell, as it usually did in that small, Pacific Northwest town. I had been transferred there from San Francisco by the lumber company I worked for. Being something of a city clone, I had little in common with the redneck factory workers who just liked to brag about fucking pussy and lynching queers. I was pretty lonely. I was very horny.

I'd struck up a casual friendship with Patsy, my next door neighbor. Small, plump and porcelain-white, she looked like one of those naked nymphs you see in religeous oil paintings—luscious grapes usually dangling from the pelvis. I found nothing luscious about Patsy's pelvis. At 33, she was nearly ten years my senior. In fact, I was closer in age to her 15-year-old son, Bobby.

She looked down pensively at the letter in her lap, written by Bobby's father. It had arrived that morning.

"Can you believe this asshole?" she asked me. "He hasn't even seen Bobby in almost ten years. Now, out of the blue, he wants 'his son' to come stay with him next month when he'll be visiting Seattle. 'Send Money!' That's what I'll have Bobby write back to him—forget this visit crap. Don't bogart that joint, Gil." Angrily, she reached out for the doobie I'd forgotten I was holding. She shook the envelope in the futile hope of shaking out some money but instead a small color Polaroid plunked out into her lap.

"Here's the fucker, in living color," she said, disinterestedly handing it over to me. That's when my interest began soaring: *What an incredible hunk!*

Though I was chummy with Patsy, small town gays keep their personal lives well tucked under their obligatory hard hats. So I limited my response to an involuntary gulp and just took in the sight of the man: brawny, about six-feet-four, with the girth of a redwood and a scraggly, raven beard. Dressed in Levis and a flannel shirt, he boasted a pair of arms and hands that looked capable of lifting the Golden Gate Bridge. The only part of him that looked vulnerable was his eyes—looking out in question, in *hope*. I felt an immediate, profound attraction. Reluctantly, I handed the photo back to Patsy.

"What's he like?" I asked, casually.

"In a word? *Sadistic!* You want another word? How 'bout *homosexual*?"

I stopped swallowing.

"Are those two reasons enough for a mother to want to keep her son away from his dad?" She handed me the shrinking joint. "I was such a jerk when I married him. I mean, I knew what he was like. Not the 'gay' thing, of course, but hell, I was carrying his kid—I'd been slapped around enough times by him at that point. I should have known better, but that's what I'm saying—I honestly think I thought *all* men punched while they screwed. He never did it any other way. The only other man I had to go on was my dad and he used to beat up my mom—what did I know? Took me three years to get that bastard to seek therapy with me. Finally, he agrees—takes him three weeks of counseling to find out he's gay.

Talk about shock. I mean, I guess I knew he hated women, but how was I to know he wanted men? *He* didn't even know—not consciously, at least. 'Course, I should've suspected it, with his boot fetish and all his muscle magazines. Hell, he wouldn't even fuck without those boots on! Are you getting off?"

The question startled me. She was talking about the grass, now. I blinked several times, emerging from the daze. My eyes kept roaming back to the Polaroid she'd tossed aside.

"What's the matter? You look shocked," she said, with a smile. "I thought you city people were unshockable." I managed a nonchalant smile of my own. "I'm sorry to be going off on such a tangent," she apologized, "but this letter just pisses me off—brings it all back, you know? I've got a theory about it. Sounds like a bunch of hippie-shit, but the way I see it, Duke used to cut down trees eight hours a day. That's cutting down a lot of karma, you know what I'm saying? Those trees took centuries to grow and when someone just—" she sliced her pudgy hand through the air, "—*whamo!* cuts through it—they're taking on a lot of—something...I don't know, I'm stoned. But I mean, I could understand a lot of Duke's tension when he'd come home out of the forest. In fact, to be honest with you, I would've stuck it out with him if he'd asked. Duke was very—magnetic... masculine, and—well, you and I are close enough—I can tell you: He had a *cock* on him I swear could've made medical journals." She laughed, then rocked, almost off her chair. I was rocking, too. "Spoiled me for *life!*" Then sighing, regaining composure, she added, " 'Course, you wouldn't know 'bout those things."

My mind was racing. I spoke carefully. "So—where exactly is he?"

"Now? Lives in some town in Oregon—runs a construction business with a partner. But he wants Bobby to meet him in Seattle at the Hilton—" She picked up the letter again. "Here—on May 8th. Shit—that's Mother's Day weekend. The mother-fucker! Well, that just gives me the perfect excuse. Bobby and I are going to Mom's on the coast that weekend. I don't even think Bobby'll answer him; he hates him—knows his dad's queer—wants nothing to do with him."

A scheme was germinating.

"And Duke's last name then is the same as yours?"

"No, I went back to my maiden name. His is Malone. Duke Malone." Speaking his name made her sigh again. "Feel kinda sorry for him, actually. Far as I know he's never been in love, never had any long-term relationship with anybody. I was good to him, too. But how long can a person go on getting degraded and slapped around just 'cause they're horny, y'know? For Duke the two went hand in hand. That is one sick man. Who knows? There's gotta be somebody for him—gotta be somebody for everyone, isn't that right? Maybe he'll find somebody some day who fits his way. That's the thing about Duke Malone—it always has to be *his* way. Always complete control.

I was hard, walking out of Patsy's house. I couldn't stop thinking about him, couldn't forget the hurt in his tough-guy eyes,

"Duke was very magnetic... I can tell you: He had a cock on him I swear could've made medical journals." She laughed, then rocked, almost off her chair. I was rocking, too. "Spoiled me for life!"

and the thought that he was never going to enjoy a reunion with the son he so wanted. Nights, I started thinking about it. I stripped before the mirror and studied my reflection. I was boyish-looking for 23, fairly smooth. Of course, I couldn't pass for 15. My chest was too developed for one thing. My hand went up to my nipple and I closed my eyes and saw Duke Malone, standing there, in the picture. I felt as though he were calling me...

When I walked into the Hilton lobby, I was trembling. My pace quickened toward the registration desk before I could chicken out. The clerk told me that Mr. Malone had checked into room 1919 but was out at the moment. Quickly, I wrote him a note:

Dad: I'm in the cocktail lounge, wearing a black baseball cap.
Son.

I think the clerk could hear my heart beating as he took my note and plunked it into Mr. Malone's box. I was sweating as I walked into the cocktail lounge and quickly ordered a tall double scotch, something I could nurse, and then would nurse *me*.

Two hours passed and I was into my second tall scotch when I felt a thump on my shoulder, the force of which could've caused a bruise. I was a little drunk. I didn't want to be. What kind of adolescent son meets his estranged dad shit-faced? I turned. The picture had come to life. He was so fucking hot I slightly gasped. Only those hopeful, vulnerable eyes were now intense, smoldering and intimidating. He placed my note on the bar.

"Is this yours?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, truly frightened. What if he decked me right here in the lounge?

"What's the joke?" he asked, not only angry, but hurting. It was apparent. So much for even fantasizing I could've passed for his Bobby. Two women looked up at us from the bar. His chest was heaving. He was wearing a short-sleeve sports shirt. His bludgeoning forearms were carpeted with fur. I could smell him.

I lowered my voice. "Please, Sir, can we talk at a table?"

Even his chin had muscles. It sort of flexed, bulged, then relaxed. He stood back and I descended the bar stool, thankfully landing on both shaky feet. We wandered into the darkest corner of the lounge.

"Do you know my son?" he asked me, sharply. Everything about him—his voice, his hands, his glare—loomed as weapons. Even his mouth—cruel, massive, like a sensuous scar threatening to reopen and draw blood.

I spoke quickly. "Yes, I'm a friend of Bobby's mother...she doesn't know I'm here, nobody knows. Honest. Sh-she got your letter when I was there, and she showed me your picture and told me a little about you, and—" He was glaring hard. "I knew I *belonged* here," I said, quickly. The glare was replaced by a look of suspicion and I added, "—with *you*, Sir," and after a deep breath, "—Dad."

"Bobby's not coming," he said.

"No, Sir, they went to the coast for Mother's Day, Sir."

He looked down and toyed with a matchbox in the ashtray. "And let me get this straight: Nobody knows you're here."

"That's correct, Sir. I apologize for my audashitty, Shir," I slurred, then gulped on my fear.

He noticed my anxiety. "And, so—" he was still putting it all together, "you thought you could fill my son's shoes. Is that it?"

"If I were lucky, Sir."

The cocktail waitress was approaching for drink orders but he gave her such a dismissing scowl she pivoted and went scurrying back to the bar.

There was a silence, and then he said, eyeing me, "What exactly did she tell you that made you do this?"

I gulped again. "I'm from California. I used to live in San—"

"Save your autobiography for *The Dating Game*. I asked you a question."

This was the moment that would decide it. All I could think to say was the truth.

"I desperately need a dad, Sir. Not just any dad, Sir, but one with your—disposition."

His eyebrows raised, in question. "You don't even know me. She doesn't even know me, so how can you?" He was emanating a powerful vibration that was burning across the table.

"Instinct, Sir. A strong instinct, and a powerful need."

"What's your name?" he then asked.

"Gil, Sir."

"Twenty-two? Twenty-three?"

"Yes, Sir, twenty-three, Sir."

His teeth were gritted; he nodded, then, unexpectedly, almost in a plea, he asked, "You like baseball?"

"Yes, Sir, very much, Sir."

"I got a couple of tickets for this evening."

My mouth began watering. I could already taste the foot-long ballpark hot dog.

"It'll give us a chance to get acquainted a bit," he said, looking down at the table. "I don't approve of your drinking."

"Thank you, Sir, I'll stop, Sir. I was nervous, is all."

"So, you'll sweat it out if you're—*nervous*. Sweat bother you?"

"No, Sir."

"You're not one of those sissies who're afraid of sweat, piss, and all that shit, are you?"

"No, Sir."

He eyed me up and down a moment, then nodded, not displeased. "You come prepared for the weekend?"

I'd come prepared for life. "Yes, Sir."

He stood, and seemed to lift the ceiling with him. "Let's go upstairs and get ready for the game."

We were alone in the elevator. He stood in front of me. He could almost look directly ahead and watch the floor numbers climb. He reached into his left pocket, withdrew a black handkerchief and blew his nose into it. He grunted, then farted. The smell rose quickly and I pretended I had to tie my shoe just so I could bend down and get closer to the source. While I knelt he shifted his legs and poked his ass a little closer to my eager face then farted, again, this time rocking his ass back and forth, just brushing against my nose. The elevator doors opened and I scurried like a geisha to keep pace with him. I admired his gait. I hoped to mimic it, eventually.

Inside the hotel room he made a couple of business phone calls.

He reached into his left pocket, withdrew a black handkerchief and blew his nose into it. He grunted, then farted. The smell rose quickly and I pretended I had to tie my shoe just so I could bend down and get closer to the source.

While he was talking to a partner I heard his fingers snap. He was pointing to his boots. I hurried to him and began untying the laces but the toe of his boot came up and angrily kicked me in the face. I sprawled backwards. My face was burning. I sat up and saw only the *sole* of his boot, sticking in my face. He didn't have to verbalize. I started licking. As I did so, he said, into the phone, "Tell me about it. I've been walking these filthy city streets all day long."

By the time he was finished with his second phone call, both his soles were spotlessly clean. He sat there a moment without speaking. Then, "My boy shave yet?"

I wasn't sure which boy he meant. "Yes, Sir—I think so, Sir."

"You *think* so? I think we ought to find out, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"So?" His mere glance intimidated me. "Let's see!" He sat back, and gestured for me to start stripping. Nonchalantly, he reached over for a pack of cigars and stuck one in his mouth, then bent his massive arms behind his neck. My eyes fixed on the twin mountain peaks of his rock-hard biceps. He shifted his unlit cigar to the other side of his mouth and I quickly went to the ashtray for the matches but he said, "Not yet. I like to suck it a while. See?" He snapped his fingers for me to come nearer. He showed me the moistened end of his cigar, a glob of spit hugging the tip. "See that? See how I like it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Go ahead—put it in your mouth. Taste how I like it." He put it in my mouth for me. I looked up at him, adoringly. He snarled, and let more spit pool over his lip. He stuck out his huge tongue, taunting me. The spit shined in the lamp light. The cigar was trembling in my mouth. He stuck one forefinger up his nose then took it out and smeared it on my cheek. "Blah!" he said, then laughed, and slapped me quickly, twice, on the cheek, then took back his cigar and said, "Okay, enough. You can light it now."

I went to the ashtray for the matches and noticed, in my reflection in the mirror, a streak of his snot glistening across my cheek. I returned to him, smiling, sweating, breathless. I got down on my knees and struck the match. He didn't move—save inhale. Then he stuck the toe of his boot under my balls and began lifting me, by the crotch, balancing me on his foot. Once I was standing, he smiled and kicked me, in the nuts—not hard—just as a directional, to take a step back and resume stripping. Then he watched me as if I were a porn show and he was in his private theatre. I removed my clothes carefully, down to the jockstrap. Once that was off, he nodded several times, pleased. He stared at the thick growth of dark brown hair around my dick.

"I guess you *haven't* shaved," he said.

I looked down at myself, almost shamefully. "No, Sir—not there, Sir."

He mimicked me, mercilessly. "'Duh! No, Thir, not there, Thir... Not *where*, asshole?"

"Not around my dick, Sir."

He stood. I held my breath. He touched his wide black belt. His shadow moved over me. He reached down and started tugging quite forcefully on my balls. "Not

around your prick?"

"Nouch, Sir, No, Sir!"

He yanked some hair out of my nuts. Then he grabbed me by the hair around my dick. "Not around your little-boy piss hole?"

"No!! Sir!"

My dick was rising, fast. "Well," he said, noticing it, "I'd say you look old enough to start shaving, boy. Does Daddy have to show you?"

It was the first time he'd called himself that—and out of gratitude I shrank down to his boots and almost wept over them, kissing them. he bent down and shoved his forearm between my legs, then lifted me up, by the crotch, and carried me, with ease, into the bathroom.

He directed me to keep my head down to the tile floor and my ass raised high in the air. I couldn't see anything, but it felt luxurious, first getting my asshole soaked in warm water and then lathered in a pungent lime shaving cream.

"That ass is raised like it's had some practice, boy." He smacked it. "Huh?"

"Some...Sir."

"Some," he said, skeptically. Later, my face still against the tile, my back tiring, he added, "I'll say one thing: I've got a nice little ass here." His forefinger maneuvered into my asshole. It was tight. He swatted it again, hard this time, then stuck his forefinger back in, with his thumb. The other hand started spanking me. "Feel how nice and smooth?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir."

He told me he had some paperwork to do and that I should shower and dress myself, for the ball game. We didn't talk much on the way to the game, nor at the game itself. Afterward we had a light dinner and we had an actually relaxed conversation. He reached back and blew his nose again in his handkerchief. I rambled on a bit, how miserable I was where I lived, how much I hated my job, and craved a change—hint, hint. He wiped his nose, then stuffed it back in his left pocket. There was something—tortured about him, something hurting. I felt an intense desire to soothe him, to absorb his tension, if need be. I found myself caring about him, and wanting, deeply wanting—to be near him, as close to him as possible.

"Nine o'clock. Your bedtime," he announced. We were back in the hotel room. "Say your prayers." I walked to the bed as he muttered, under his breath, "You'll need 'em."

Naked, I knelt at the foot of the double bed, and prayed—silently, that he would want me and keep me, as his own. When I was finished he told me to get into bed. He was still fully dressed. I got into bed and he turned out the light. He came to the edge of the bed then and when I turned and faced him he gently began filling my mouth with his used black handkerchief. He kept stuffing more in, and stretching the skin around my mouth.

"That's to help you," he said quietly, but with an impending edge to his voice. "Because—if you make a sound—we'll have to end it." Then, he took a pair of handcuffs and locked just one of my wrists to the bed post. His breathing was intensifying. A transformation was happening, in

"Do you understand why I have to punish you?" he asked me. I nodded into the pillow. "You played with something sacred by coming here—calling yourself my son. Now we find out just how good a son you are." The belt whirred in the air...

the dark. I heard his belt unbuckle.

"First thing we have to do," he said, "is teach you *never* to try and deceive me again." I was face down. He touched the back of my hair then dragged his course palm down the length of my back, into the crack of my shaved ass, all the way down my legs to my feet. Next came the belt—lightly, dragging down my body.

"Do you understand why I have to punish you?" he asked me.

I nodded into the pillow.

"You played with something sacred by coming here—calling yourself my son. Now we find out just how good a son you are." The belt whirred in the air, then struck me with a shock, against my ass. I bit into the kerchief. I heard him inhaling, then the whirring belt again, and it cracked down on the same spot. By the fourth strike I was trying to remove myself mentally from the situation—first by concentrating on the taste of the dirty kerchief—sucking it—anything that could help ease the pain of the—*strap!* coming down again, this time on my back. By the tenth stroke I was swallowing the kerchief, trying to gag on it. It was the only way I could keep from crying out.

My thoughts flashed back to childhood—my stepdad strapping me, and I winced at the thought. He wasn't my real dad and I hated him. I remembered being pantsed in the junior high locker room and two older guys spanking me, laughing. I'd stopped counting how many times I'd been strapped. I was sweating now; something highly unexpected had happened.

The pain had reached its threshold, and had transformed, quite distinctly—into pleasure. I knew I was hurt. I was tender. But each subsequent strap now began to feel, in its own way—like a caress. Another leathered smack, and my ass began to rise, in pursuit of the strike. The belt dropped by my feet. We were both sweating.

He came to me, sat down on the edge of the bed and stroked my hair. When he ran his hand gently down my body, I gasped. His touch stung. His hand stilled. He leaned down and kissed me lightly, by my ear.

"Good boy," he said. "That's all, now. You're *forgiven*." He gently removed the kerchief from my mouth and unlocked the cuffs. When he moved away from me, it felt like sunlight moving away from earth. I listened to him undress. He came back. I was cooing, softly. He crawled under the cover and came close to me, wrapping himself around me, then began rocking me. I was whimpering.

"Sssssh," he said, holding me tightly, rocking me. "Sssssh."

The telephone rang. He reached over and answered it. Apparently it was his partner. They talked business. I slid down the sheet, against his body. I wrapped myself around his leg, my face against his thigh. He let me, Dad did. I inhaled the depths of him. His hand came down playfully against my face.

"Oh, by the way," he said, into the phone, "I'll be using that second comp, after all—for the flight back." He paused. "That's right—my boy met me, after all." He was petting my face, tenderly. "Yeah, that's right," he said, again. "He'll be living with his Dad, now."

It was just beginning. □

DADDY'S WHITE BOYS

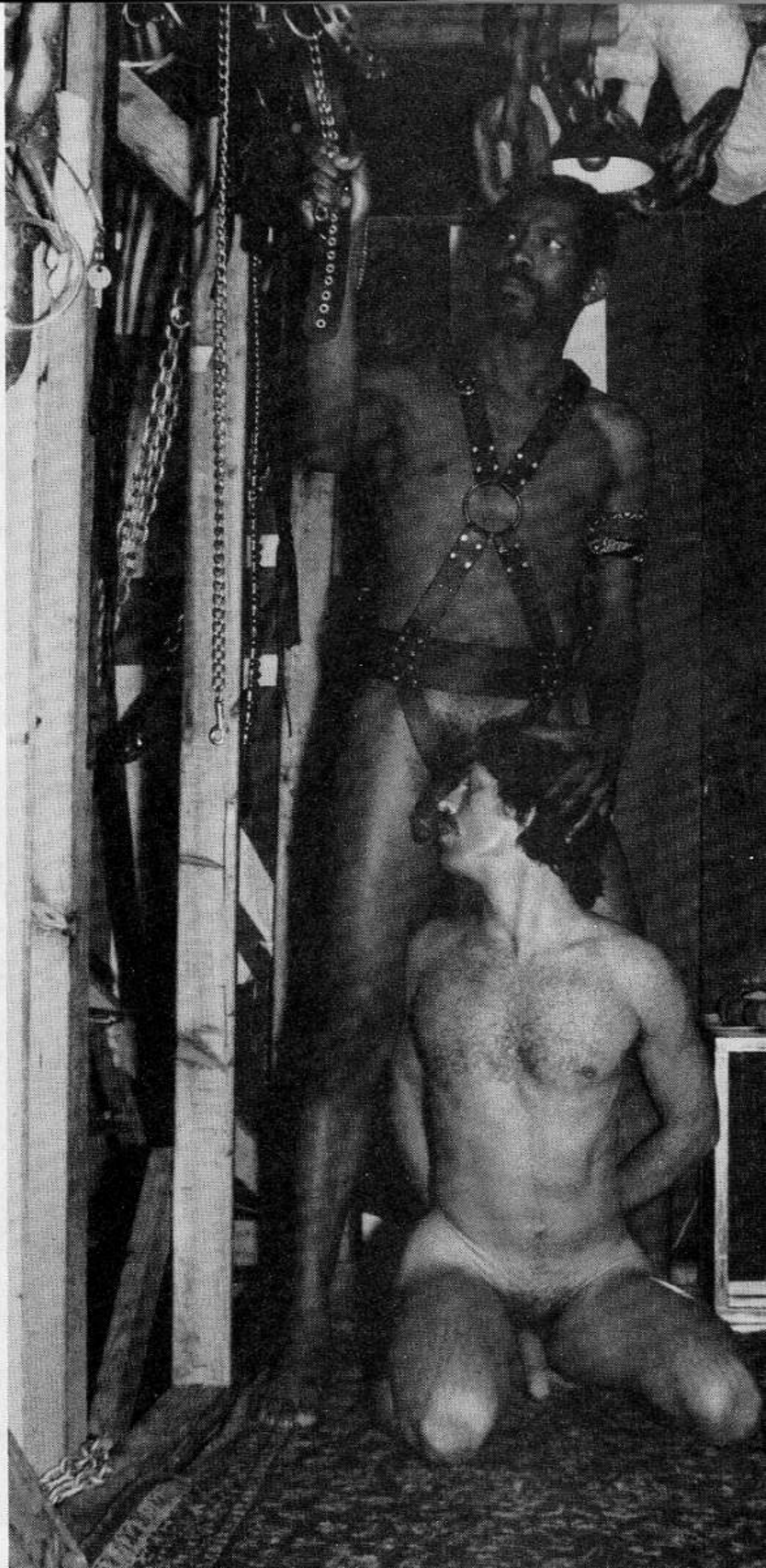
"These punks are always comin' up to me and askin' me to whip their puny white asses. I suspect I've whipped more white ass that Carter's got little liver pills. And when I whip ass, they always come back for more.

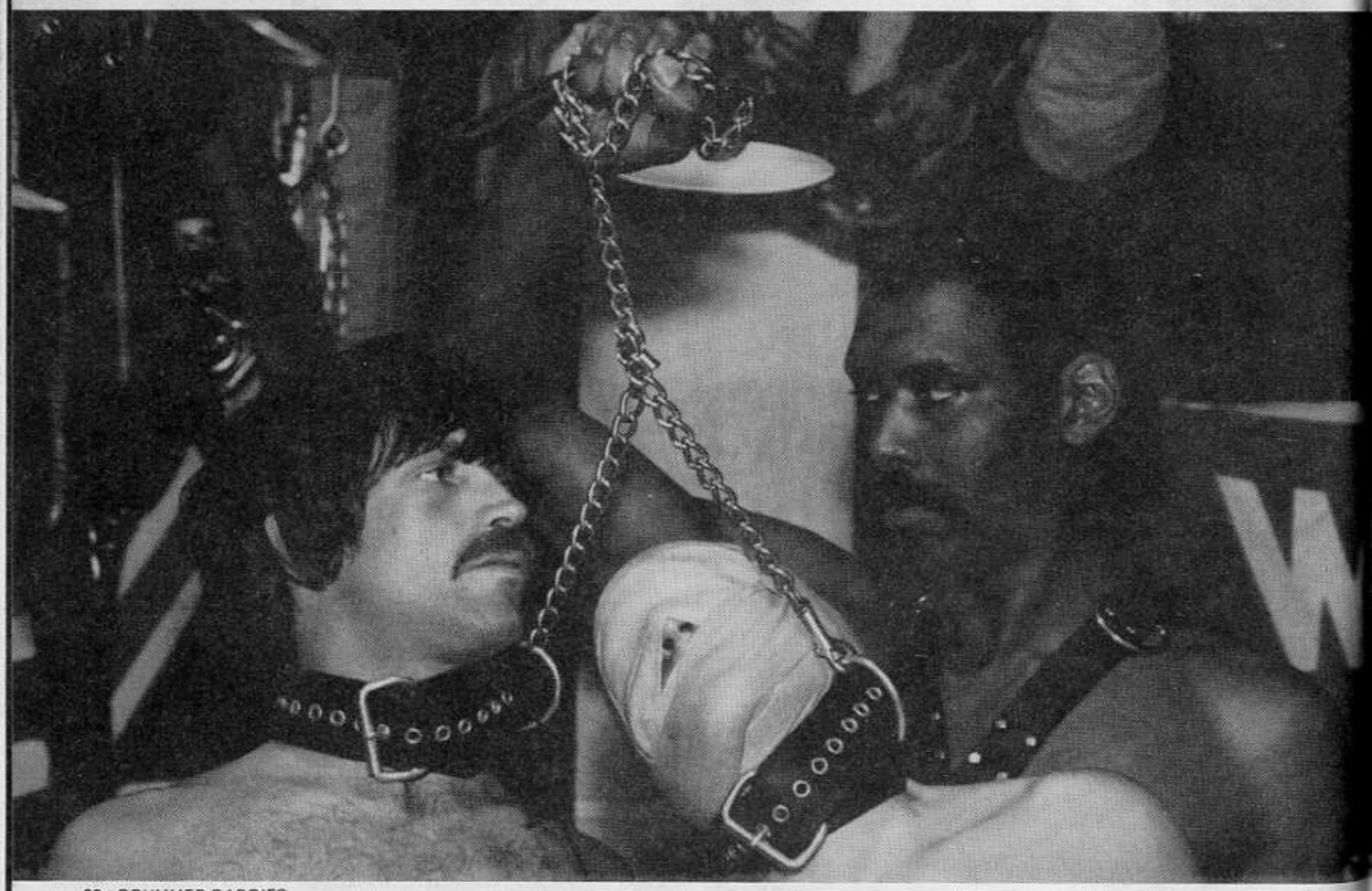
"I met these two turds one night when I was just hanging it out the window. You see a stud like me on the make and you see a lot of little white chicken clucking and bowing and scraping and wiggling ass to get my attention. These chickies were no different. They wanted my Black dick down their throat and my big Black hand across their ass so bad they'd have done *anything*.

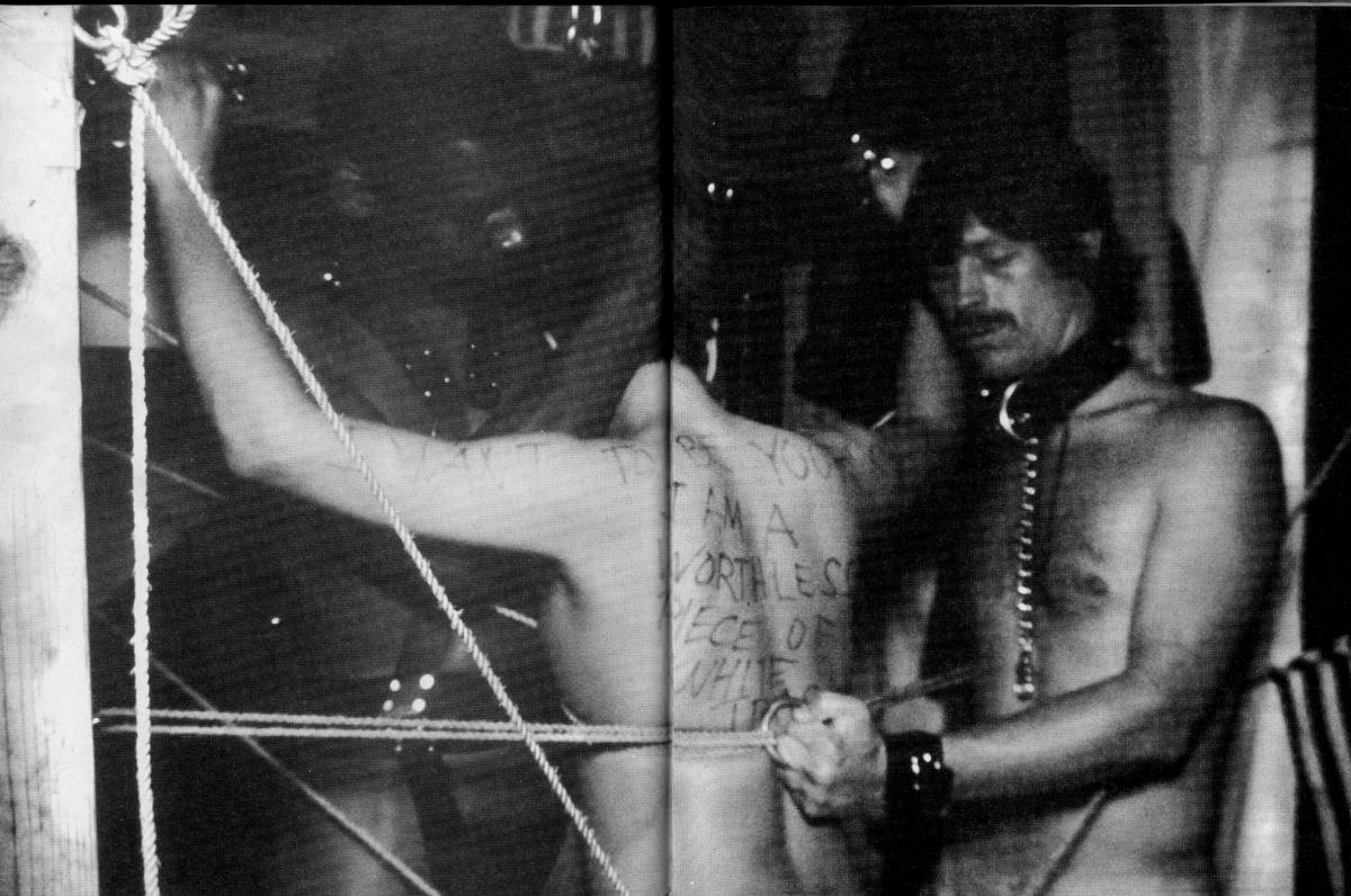
"That's just the kind of attitude I like, 'cause *anything* is what I had in mind, including sending both of 'em home with a message on their backs that would let the next stud know just what kind of worthless white trash they really were.

"There ain't nothin' like a wimpy little white boy to let a Black stud know he's still king of the mounds..."

Photography: Jim Moss



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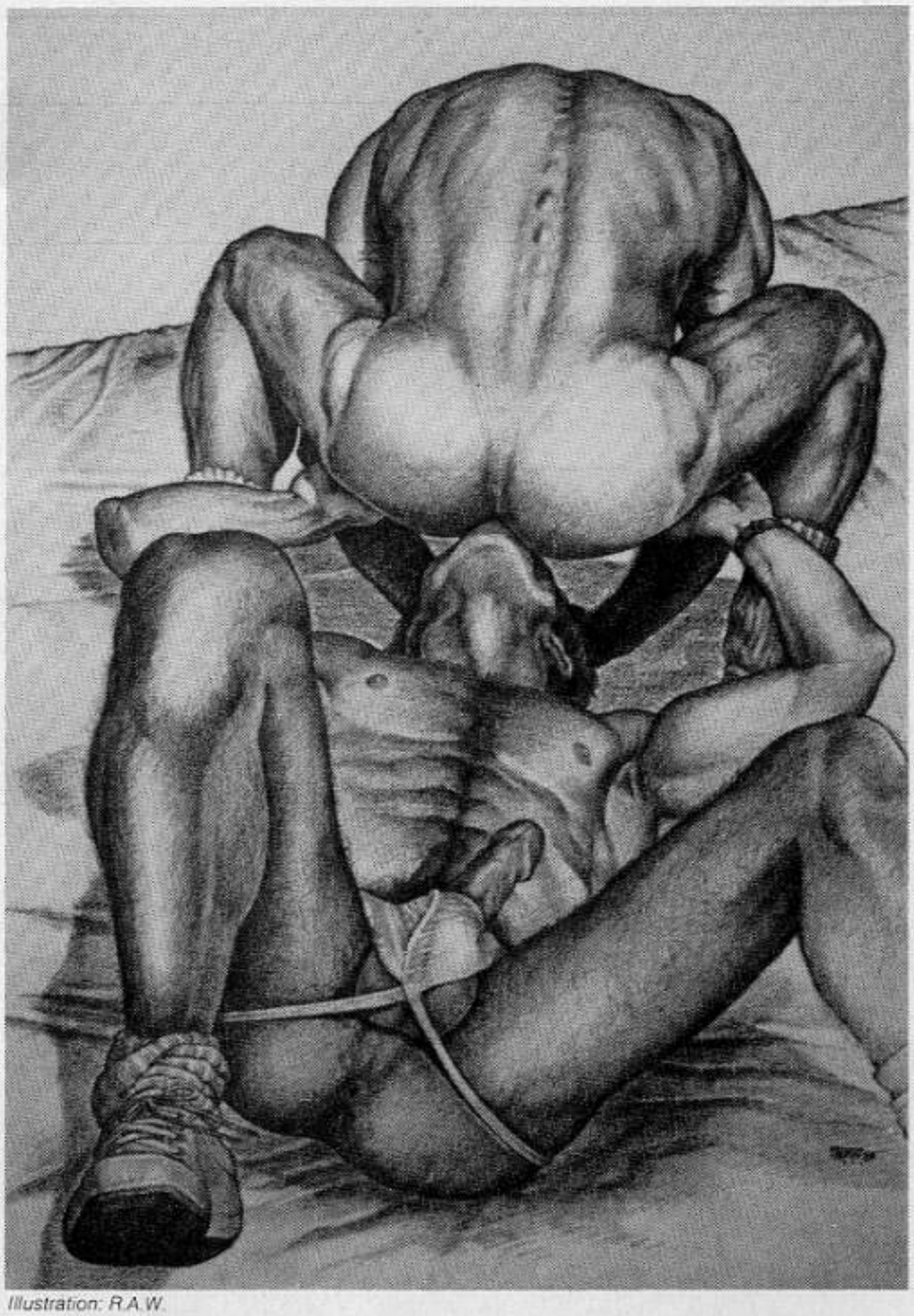


Illustration: R.A.W.

DADDY'S BOY

by Simon

Getting off the bus in the small Trailways station, I faced the village green and courthouse of an apparently deserted Southern town. I stepped into the glaring sunlight of this early spring day, happy to be away from any public transportation after sitting in a dusty, noisy bus for the last six hours. The pleasure of beginning to feel some life creep back into my body was lessened only by my hesitancy to start a new beginning in this backwater town. I left a village only slightly larger than this to go to college in New York and here I was again, practically back where I started. As I shaded my eyes to get my bearings, I became aware of an appreciative glance from an older man in a three piece suit, carrying a briefcase, as he headed towards the parking lot.

Cruising is a funny sort of mating dance. Four years in New York hadn't got rid of my two left feet. In my mind, it either clicks immediately or forget it. Something about this guy's stare clicked. My awareness of my sexuality had been at a minimum, what with moving to a new town, a new job, not to mention the most boring bus ride in the world—but that one glance brought a tightness to my groin. I like older men: their experience, no-nonsense attitude and directness. But first I had to get settled.

I soon forgot him and went on to locate the rooming house I was supposed to be staying at. I had been here only a few weeks ago for the job interview and had left the same day. By the time I arrived home, there was a telegram confirming my appointment as gym instructor at the local junior high school. In a follow-up conversation, accomodations had been arranged just blocks from school. I stopped the bus station attendant to ask directions. As he raised his arm to point off into the distance, a car pulled up to the curb and Mr. Three-Piece-Suit leaned over.

"That's okay, I'll take him to his destination."

The attendant waved me off and disappeared into the station. I opened the car door and quickly got in.

"Thanks for the ride."

"I take it you're new to town."

Our eyes locked in that glance again and then the conversation resumed.

"Yes," I stammered, "I'm looking for a boarding house over on Forest Avenue run by a Mrs. Brody."

"That's just down by the school my son attends. I'll take you there." The ride was made in silence as I drank in the information that he was probably married and I had better let him make the first move. Thoughts of being tarred and feathered and run out of town crossed my mind. My career teaching pubescent boys about a healthy body could come to an abrupt end before it began. We pulled into Forest Avenue, a wide street with large houses on one side and, as the name indeed implied, a pale forest, newly awakened, facing it. The car pulled over on the treed side, opposite a large Victorian structure with a discreet sign on the sloping lawn that told me we had arrived at our destination.

"Thank you, it was very kind of you."

Our eyes locked again but refused to separate. I didn't make a move, indicating that I wanted more than a ride. I smiled and it prompted him to speak at last.

"Perhaps if you're free tonight, you might like to see some of the town...maybe have dinner."

His invitation was most properly put and I answered back in my most restrained voice.

"That would be nice; that is, if it's not too inconvenient."

"It won't be 'inconvenient' at all. I'll pick you up here at seven."

Sitting on the broad porch with my landlady, Mrs. Brody, warmed by the late afternoon sun, I warned myself not to expect too much from this evening. But even Mrs. Brody's incessant chatter couldn't erase the picture of this very hot, very married man plowing my ass in the middle of some pine forest.

I excused myself from my landlady and went to my room to get ready. I took a long relaxing bath and then a quick, bracing shower. As I dried my stomach and groin, my cock responded to the terry-cloth stimulus. I massaged it gently and cupped my hairy balls with my free hand as I examined my body in the mirror. My hardening prick was attached to a trim swimmer's body, and not a bad one at that. My family insisted my six-foot frame was skinny, friends called it trim. I called it tight and let it go at that.

Years of athletics had put me in good stead, giving nice definition to my arms, legs and chest and a tightness to my stomach and ass. My cock was bigger than average and getting bigger as I pulled on the hairy sack that hung from it. It jutted out from a patch of brown hair that ran down my balls and legs and turned a dark gold as it spread over my stomach and chest. The hair on my head could never decide what it wanted to be, light brown or gold, and consequently had a streaked look which always got me a number of compliments at the beach. I was pleased with myself and, before I got too pleased, I pulled my briefs on over my now rock-hard tool and finished dressing.

Seven o'clock found me out on the porch awaiting my tour guide. Only a few minutes had passed when his car drove up and parked where he had let me out earlier. He got out of the car and I was pleased to see that he was dressed even more casually than myself. I walked slowly to the car, appraising every aspect of the man's body through the levis, boots and tapered shirt. I had every reason to suspect that it had been dressed to please me...and it did. Boy, did it ever. The closer I got, the more I hoped that I was turning him on as much as he was me. We'll know for sure in a little while, I thought to myself, as I slowly took his extended hand and shook it, man-to-man.

The minute the car took off, the mood became more relaxed. My host broke the silence.

"We still haven't been introduced. My name is Jason Carr."

"I'm Thomas Sterns." I replied.

He responded with a direct look. "Tommy?"

"If you like, Jason."

"Yes, I do," he replied immediately, and added, "There's a small restaurant in an old mill across the river from town. I thought we might go there through the heart of town. It has some nice architecture which you should see before it all gets bulldozed for another shopping mall."

I laughed and relaxed even more. It all sounded charming but my mind was on a little home cooking from that terrific body of his. Nevertheless, the restaurant was charming with a nice view, the sound of rushing water and an unhurried atmosphere that you don't find in most places. We talked and compared notes on small town life and I finally got around to asking about his current family status.

"My wife and son are presently visiting relatives for the spring recess. I put them on the bus you arrived on earlier today. I have to spend the week here on business, but I'll be joining them for the weekend." He paused. "Does my being married bother you?"

"If you can handle it, who am I to complain?"

He smiled. "A sensible outlook, Tommy."

As we walked in silence back to the car, he put his hand on my shoulder.

"Do you want to come back to my place, son?"

"You bet," I replied.

"You don't mind if I call you son?"

"As long as I can call you Dad," I laughed freely.

As we got into the car, he answered, "I would like that very much, son."

A heaviness settled into my crotch as I realized he was serious about all this. Instinctively I knew the evening was not going to be an ordinary one. As he moved to start the car, I took his hand and guided it to my fast-rising cock. I took a deep breath and went one step further. "I want to please you all I can, Daddy!"

This was all he needed to nudge him along. His hand opened my fly and settled on the throbbing lump in my shorts, caressing the juicy head.

"Tonight you're going to do just what Daddy tells you."

"I'll be a good boy for you tonight, Daddy," I said as I gently took his hand from my crotch, sticky with precome, and placed his fingers in my mouth, sucking and licking them. I stopped long enough to ask: "Isn't it time we went home, Daddy?"

We drove in silence and abruptly turned onto a private road and drove uphill towards a modern glass and wood structure nestled into the side of a slope. When the car stopped, I heard the sound of the river below us. We went up some steps onto a terrace and through some sliding glass doors into a huge living room. Jason headed for the fireplace and soon the room was ablaze with a warm orange light which illuminated the rustic furnishings. I was surprised and turned on by the masculine decor.

Jason disappeared into the kitchen and came back with a couple of beers. He settled down onto the leather sofa facing the fire and kicked off his boots. I sat at his feet, took a swig of beer, and pulled a joint from my pocket. I lit it up and we passed it back and forth, our hands lightly brushing. As we mellowed out, Jason reached over, pressed a button and the room came to life with music. I put my arm around his leg and slowly bent over to kiss his feet, savoring the smell of

sweat and leather. I reached up under his pants leg and pulled off his socks. I held his bare feet in my hands and began to kiss them, first on the ankle and then slowly down to his toes. I ran my tongue between them and took each toe into my mouth. I began to hear murmurs of appreciation and low gutteral commands to make love to his entire body. I didn't need to be told twice. My hand reached up and rested on a very hard bulge. My hand explored higher, over his belt buckle, and began unbuttoning his shirt. I moved my body over his and explored the hairy chest and erect nipples as I ran my tongue into his navel.

"Open your Daddy's belt with your teeth, Tommy," He commanded.

"Yes, Daddy," I murmured as I undid the belt slowly and slowly lowered his zipper.

I got up and pulled off his dungarees to expose his long lean body wearing only a jockstrap and his opened shirt. I started to undo my own pants. I was stopped by a snapped command.

"I didn't tell you to take off your pants, did I?"

"May I take them off, Sir?"

"You'll do just what I tell you, boy!"

With that, he grabbed me by my belt and brought me close to him. He undid my belt and unzipped my pants. He had them down around my knees in an instant and pulled me over his knees. My cock, hard and wet, ground into his hairy legs as I felt him yank at my shorts and give my ass a slap. Before I realized what was happening, he had gotten his leather belt from his levis and began to whip my ass.

"You're going to be a good boy from now on, aren't you, son?"

The belt stung my ass. "I promise to be good, Sir."

He pushed me onto the rug and moved to the fireplace.

"Bring me my beer, boy."

"Yes, Sir."

My "Daddy" was leaning up against the fireplace wearing a jock and pulling on his boots. The firelight glowed on his hairy ass and I vowed to get my tongue all over it before the night was over. I handed him his beer and sat down at his feet. As he drained the can, the beer ran golden down his chest and into his jock. I knelt in front of him and placed my tongue on his jock to catch the golden liquid. I sucked it fiercely from his jockstrap until he forced my head away. He turned around and pushed his firm ass into my face. I held the hairy cheeks in my hands and spread them apart. He bent over further as I plunged my tongue up his hole. It tasted so hot and sweaty that I couldn't help but grab my stiff rod and start to pump for release. He saw me and I got the heel of his boot ground into my crotch.

"When I want you to do that, I'll tell you."

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you remember the first time I caught you playing with yourself, son? Your dick was just as hard as it is now. That was probably the last time I took you across my knee. I could feel your boy's cock rubbing against my leg as I let you have it with my belt. You kept begging me not to punish you. I remember how wet your shorts were when I let you up because you had shot your load while I was whipping you. You asked me not to tell your mother and I agreed not to if you were good to your Daddy. You said you would do anything if I didn't tell. I made you take off your sticky shorts and Daddy wiped them on his prick to lubricate it. I bent you over and forced my dick up your little boy's ass. You begged me to take it out, but the harder I pounded, the harder your dick got. Do you remember that you shot a second load when your Dadddy came up your ass?"

"Yes, Daddy, I remember how good it felt to feel you inside me."

As he spoke, he rubbed his cok until the precome was dripping out. He took it onto his finger and pushed it into my mouth. When I had cleaned it off he ordered me to get up. He grabbed me by the back of the neck and led me to the terrace. He took me to the edge and bent me over the railing. I could hear him spit into his hand and rub it along the crack of my ass. By now my hole was begging for it. He pushed one finger, then two, up my ass with ease.

"Daddy's gonna take good care of you."

"I'll be a good boy, Daddy... please fuck me with your man's prick...please."

He took his hot poker of a dick, aimed and rammed it home in one easy stroke. I grabbed for my own dick but his slap on my ass warned me against it. He put his arms around me, held me tight and pumped hard, then harder. I ran my tongue up and down his arms and I felt his entire body gasp as he shot load after load up my ass.

My cock was hard and dripping. I grabbed for it and tightened my ass muscles to feel his man's prick inside me. Again, he made me stop. He spun me around to face him, his tool retreating from my hole as he did so. He pushed me down on my knees and made me take the head of his softening cock in my mouth. As it got softer, I could taste a few drops of salty piss come from the head. He pulled the rod from my mouth as the drops turned into a steady stream of hot piss. I could feel the toe of his boot massaging my balls as he pissed and I positioned myself over the toe and sat on his pointy boot and let it enter me.

"Take your Daddy's piss all over your body and jerk that little boy's cock."

He made it sound like a command, but to me, it was a message from heaven. My tongue sought out his piss. "Yes, Daddy," I shouted as I felt my nuts tighten up, ready to let go their load. His piss was washing down my throat as my wad made its way to the head of my cock. I let the yellow ribbon of his piss bathe my body as my load spurted over his hairy leg.

We luxuriated in the warmth of the dying fire and the closeness we felt. After a while he turned to me with a warm smile which only partially hid the sadness in his eyes.

"I'll have to take you back to Mrs. Brody's tonight. I want you to stay, but, well, she'd miss you and might say something."

It was the first time since this morning that I had been confronted with small town mentality and, in a depressed state, got ready to depart.

Jason finally broke the silence as we headed for the car in the darkness. "I said good-bye to my other son this morning and now I have to say it again." As the car started towards town, I began to realize the impossibility of a relationship like this in such a small town. However, the excitement and happiness I had just found made me blurt out, "I still want to spend time with you, Sir, that is, if we can."

"We can...and we will," he said.

My face brightened. "Good, because tomorrow I'm going to pack a few things and spend the rest of the week with my family."

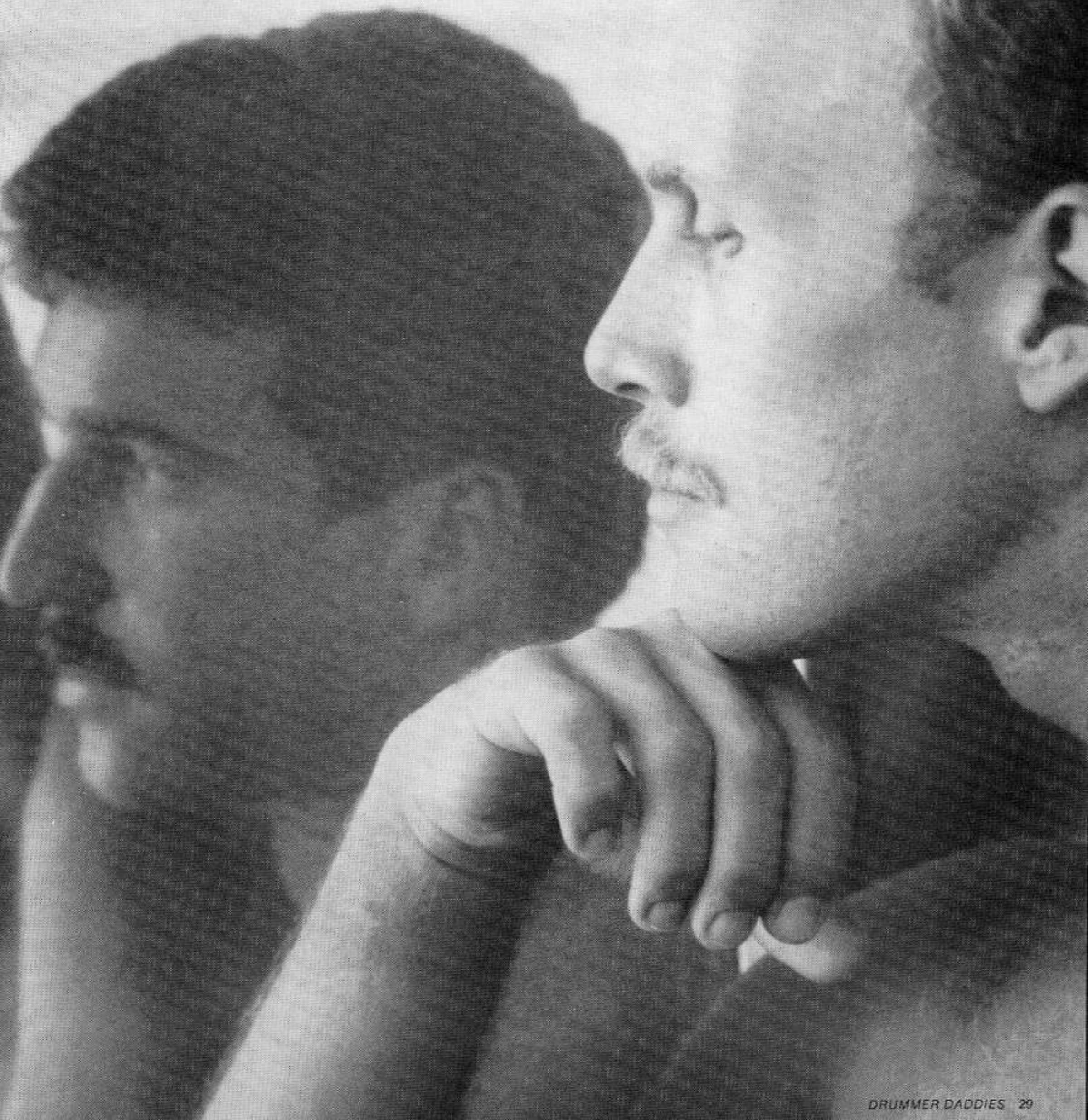
Jason slammed on the brakes. "What?...You just said...I thought we could..."

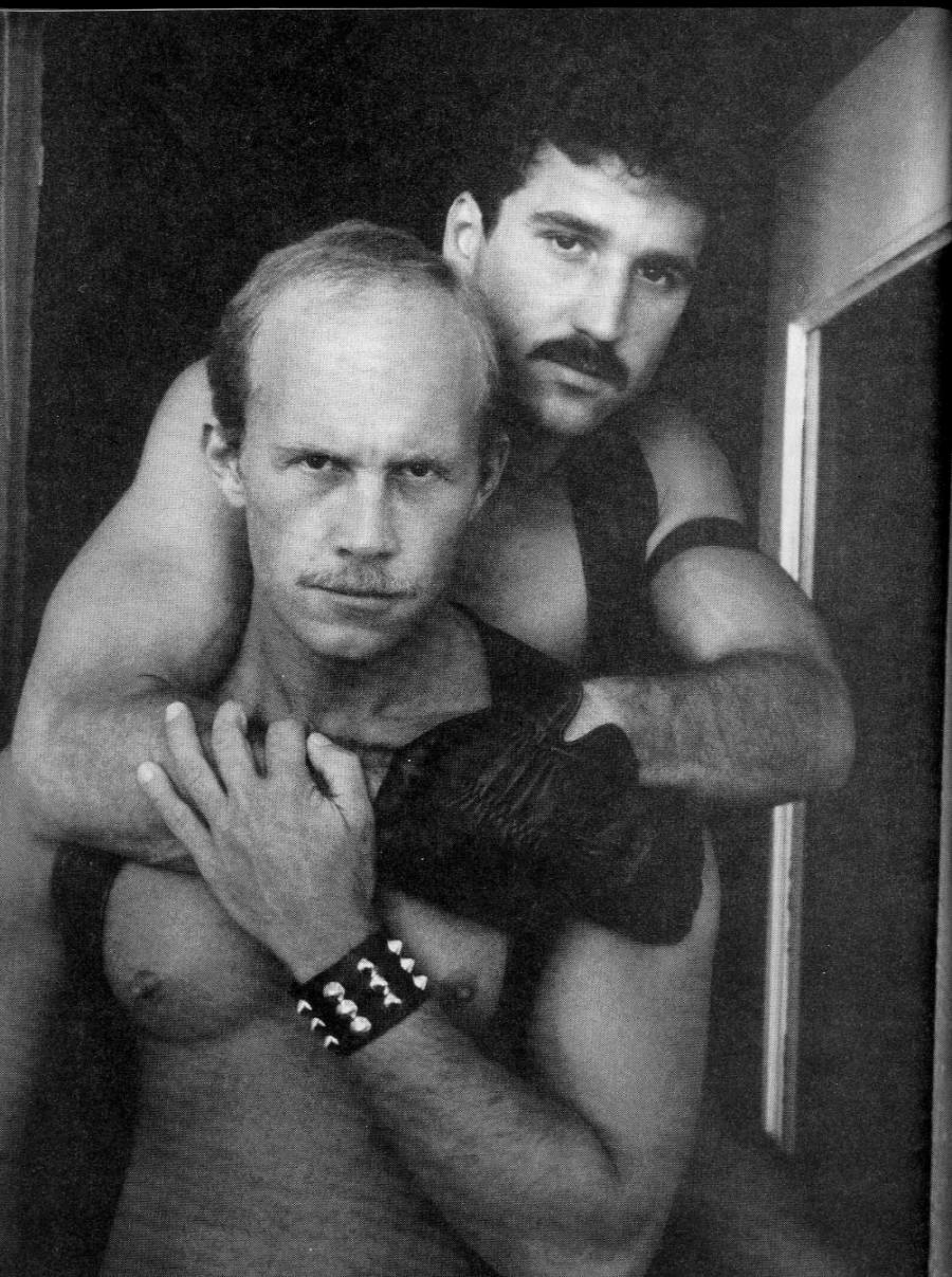
I grinned and grabbed for him.

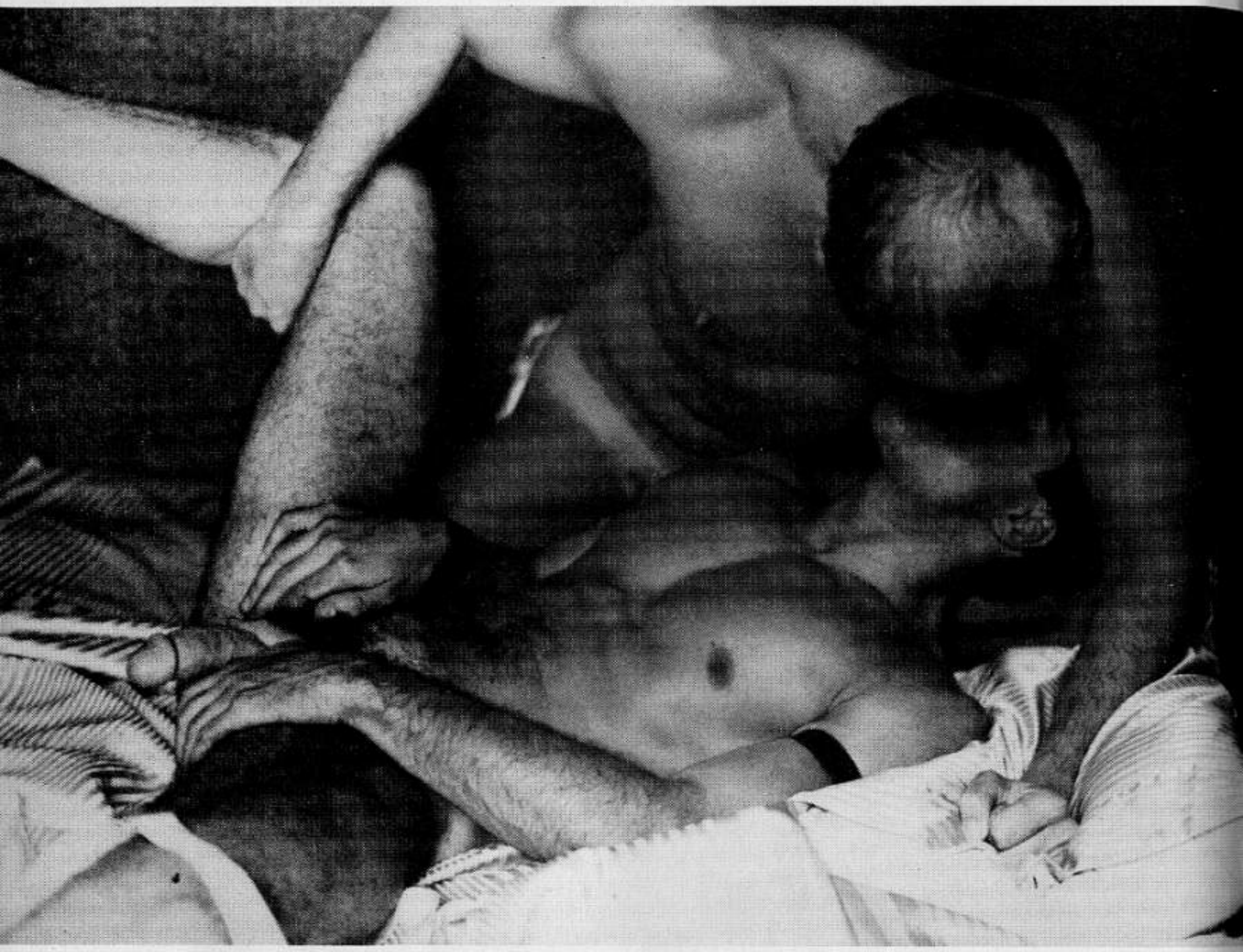
"That's for Mrs. Brody and any other town gossips. Besides, don't Daddies count as family any more?" □

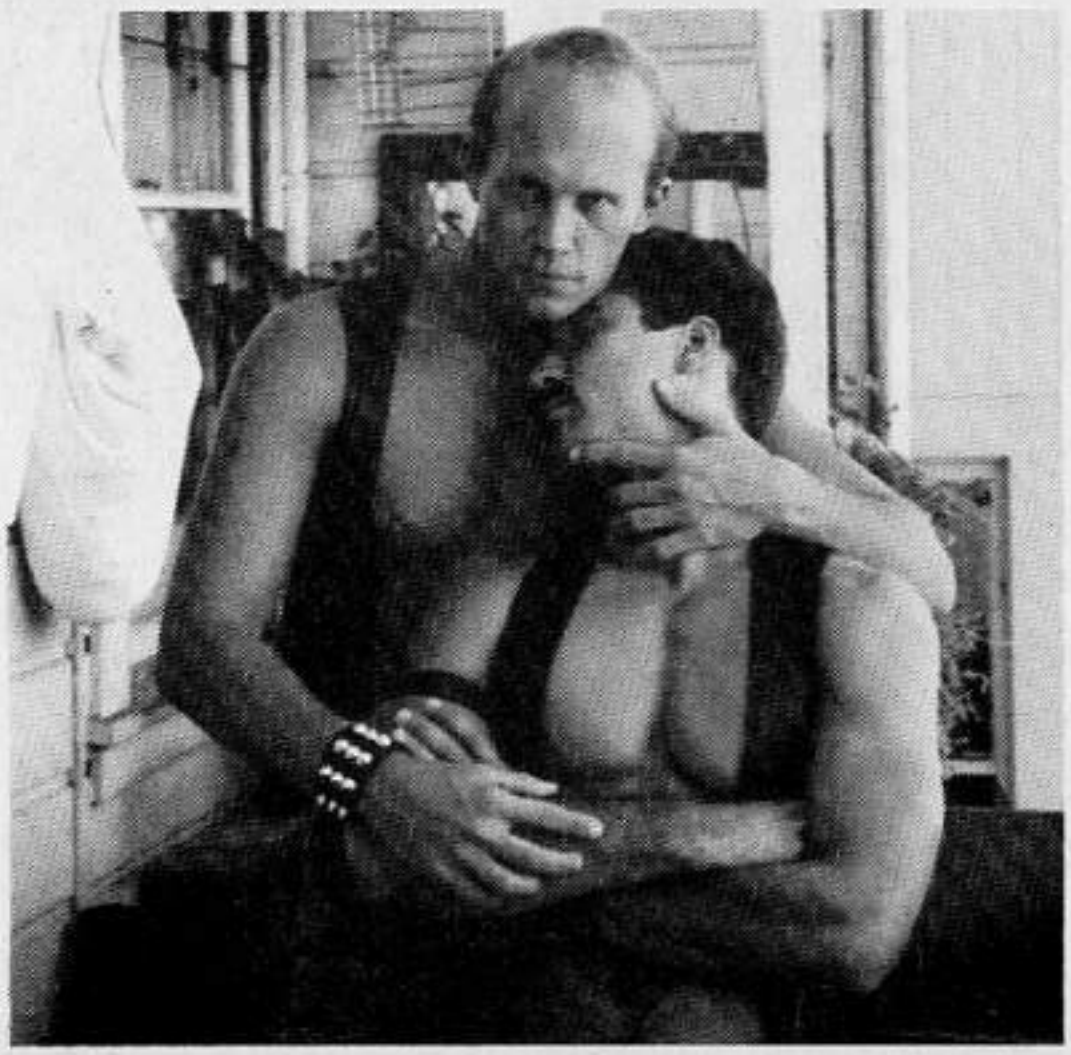
Possession

Photography: Jim Moss









DADDY ART

Herein, four favorite artists pay special tribute to The Older Man. Bill Ward opens with this official family portrait of Drum and his Dad; Olaf's centerfold celebrates Dad as the stern disciplinarian; our fantastic four-page fold-out offers an irresistable invitation from Rex; and Harry Bush has the last word—the Old Goat strikes again!

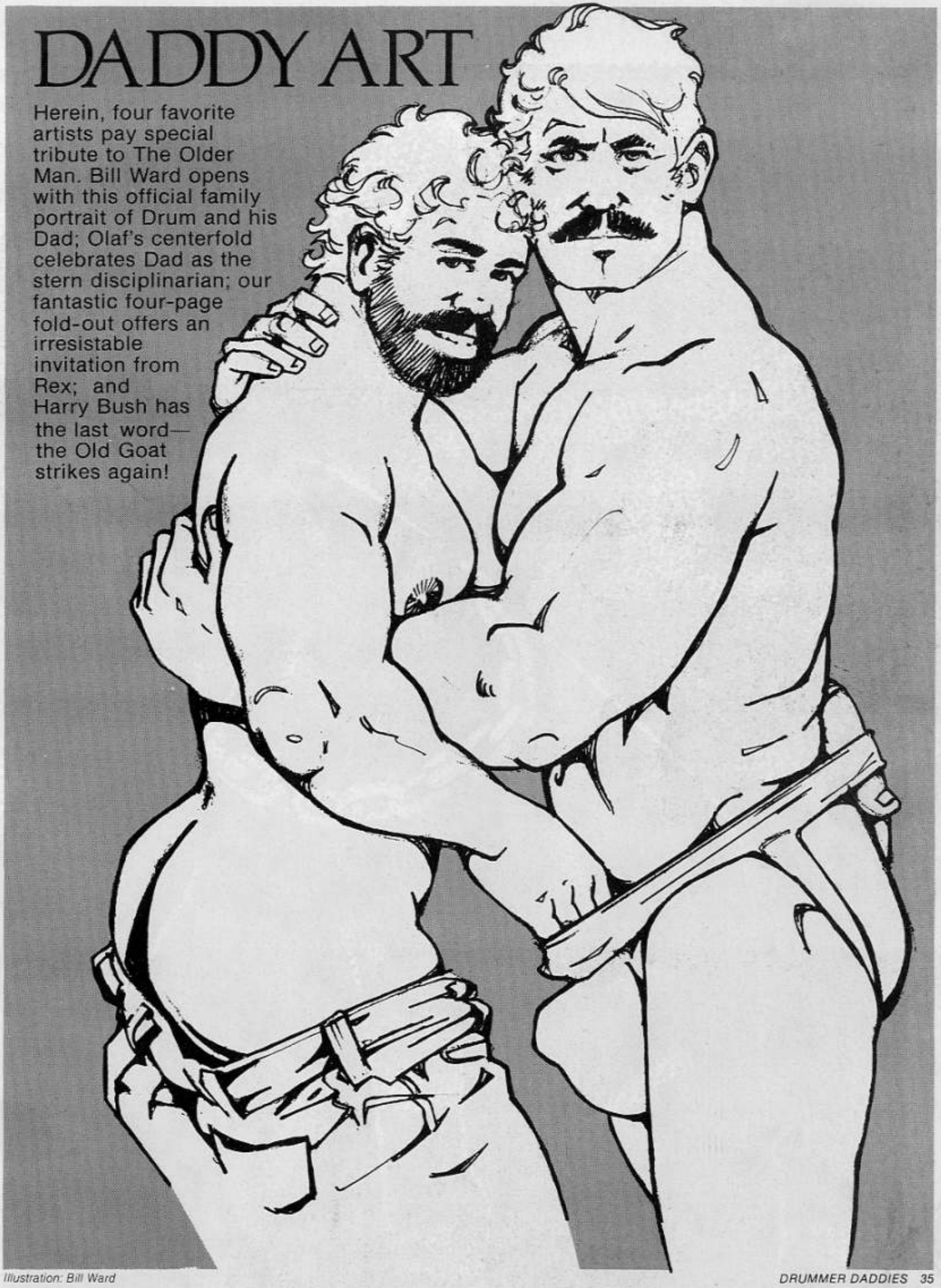


Illustration: Bill Ward

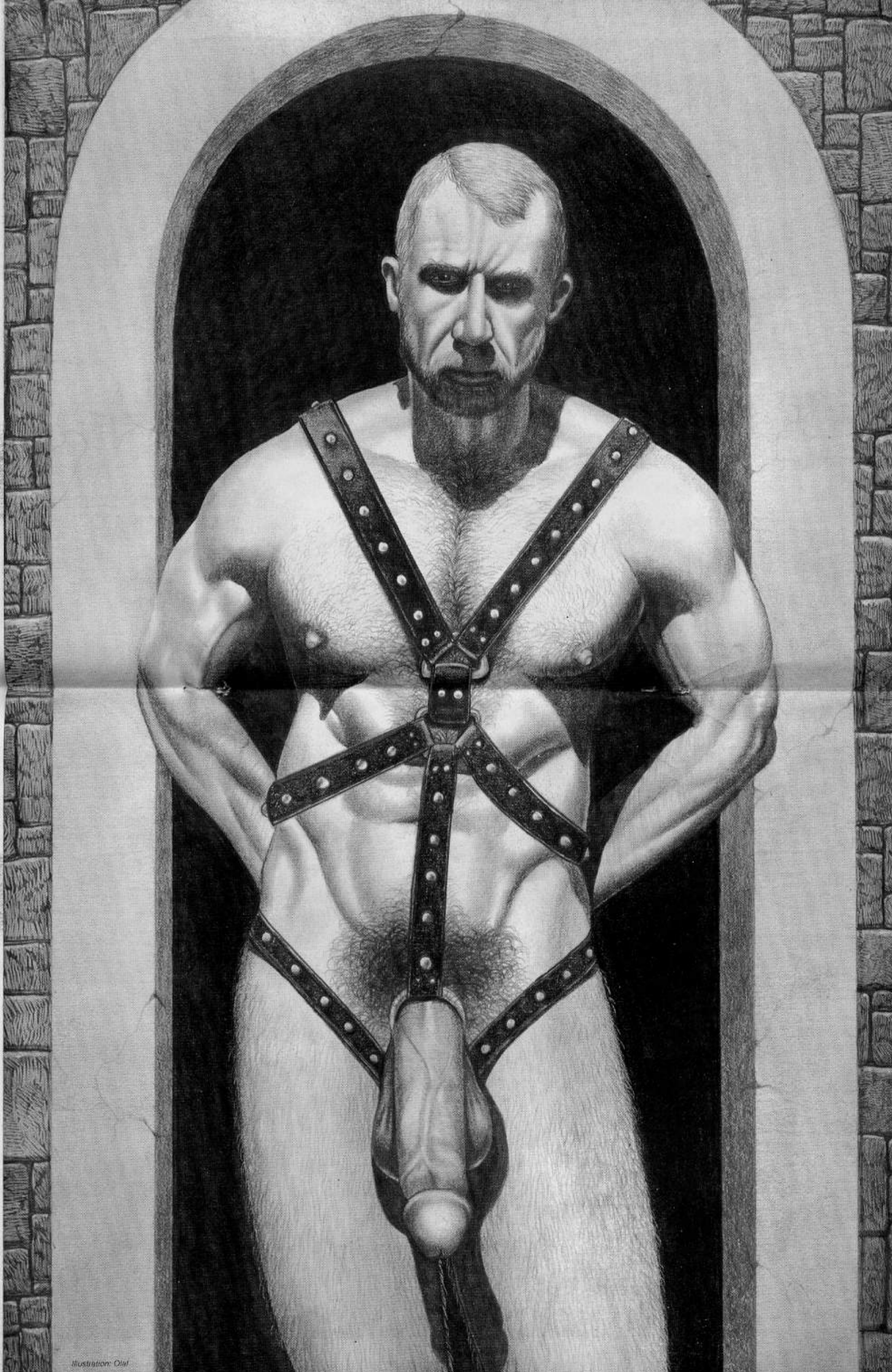


Illustration: Olaf

COME TO DADDY

Premature ejaculation

Illustration: Harry Bush

REAL FATHERS, *REAL* SONS

(Editor's note: Among the dozens of first-person, Daddy/son case histories that appeared in Drummer *over the last year, a number stand out, linked by a common thread. These are true stories of unusual relationships between* real *fathers and* real *sons—not fantasies, not fiction, but the bona fide item. We've culled our files and present some of them here. They make fascinating reading. Sociologists, take note!)*

MY REAL DAD AND I

It's great to see that the interest in Daddies has grown enough to warrant the attention of *Drummer*. In my case it isn't just a fantasy, as I have grown up sexually with my real dad.

I am 17 years old now and he is 35 but our sexual relationship began when I was younger. He had divorced my mother three years earlier after she discovered that he was sleeping with men. I am an only child and we spent a lot of time together, despite the fact that he had a job and was almost out of college.

The first time I was aware of his sexuality occurred one weekend after noon when we were taking a shower together after we had come back from hiking. I was quite young at the time and we usually played a wrestling game sitting up in the tub after I had soaped up his body from the waist up. I always looked forward to soaping up his hairy chest, to make it as slippery as I could, which was the point of the wrestling game. Inevitably I would sit on his lap with his arms around me trying to get out of his hold.

This particular day I was very much aware of the feel of his cock under me and I felt it harden. It was startling and I backed off his lap to see the erect head sticking up out of the water. He didn't say anything, just stood up, turned on the shower, and rinsed himself off. I was still sitting and very much in awe of how large his dick had grown. After he dried off, he would usually dry me off as I stood on the toilet seat, then carry me into the bedroom to get dressed. This all happened as it usually did, only as we walked down the hall, with me slung over his shoulder, I distinctly felt a wet warmth encircle my dick. I wasn't sure, but it felt as if it was in his mouth. We dressed and nothing else was said or done.

He went out the following Friday night (it was usual for him to go out on weekend nights). The consolation of my being left with a babysitter (who was a high school guy from down the street) was that I could sleep in his bed. Some weekend mornings I would wake up and he would be next to me. But if he had brought home a friend, he would sleep in the next room. Let me say that at this point I had never seen him in bed with anyone—his friends would either leave before I got up, or by the time I got up they would both already be up and about.

This particular Friday night, I woke up to feel the bed moving and I thought at first that Dad was just getting into bed. However, when I opened my eyes I saw that my dad was bending over someone, and from the muscular legs that were balanced on Dad's soulders, I knew it was another man. My dad looked as if he was pushing into the man, and their faces were together. When the other man said to my dad, "fuck me hard," I almost realized what was happening. Jesse (the babysitter) would go through the same motions on the sofa with a pillow between his legs when he thought that I had gone to bed.

I pretended to be asleep and suddenly felt a hand, not my father's, touch my leg and then move to my dick. Then both of them began to move faster and the hand left and I heard my dad say "Come with me" and then it was quiet. A few minutes later my father rolled over on his side and I could tell by his breathing that he was asleep.

The other guy's hand came back to my dick, only this time it was wet and slimy and, as he pushed my foreskin back and forth with what I thought was spit, I heard him say—like father like son. Then they were both asleep.

I was very young and couldn't have had more than two inches, but never let it be said that a child doesn't have any sexuality, because I sure did.

I'll tell you more about my father and I and my coming out some other time.

B.N.

DAD'S LOVE POLE

I read the special issue *Drummer Daddies* and I couldn't believe my eyes! I was so pleased to read the many encounters guys have had with their real dads. I thought I was a freak or something for the wonderful relationship my own dad and I had. Mom died when I was very young and Dad took over looking after me. When I look back, that was also the beginning of my sexual and slave training.

He was always a dominating man and a perfectionist. A few years after Mom died, Dad told me I had to start sleeping with him. I would have to take care of his "love pole" as he called it, when it became hard during the night. I realized why Dad called it his love pole because in no time I loved taking care of it and drinking every drop of its sweet cream.

He was a man who really loved to be touched and have his whole body worshipped. I touched every part of him with my hands except his cock, balls and ass—these had to be worshipped by my mouth and tongue.

I had to massage him every day, wash him in the shower, and dry his body afterwards. Then I would be rewarded with either his piss or his cum. If I had been exceptionally good, I was allowed to lick and suck his love pole and balls and asshole. Then, I would get to drink his cum.

I was trained to be his lover, cook, houseboy, servant and sex slave. Although he never whipped me or spanked me, he dominated me completely. I was shaved completely except for my head. When I was at home I only wore a jock strap.

When Dad came home from work it was my job to completely undress him. I also had to have his clothes laid out for him every morning. And everything had to be neatly pressed and waiting. My punishment, if I did anything wrong, was to be denied his cock and balls. I wasn't allowed to touch him or come near him all

day, or for as long as he said. I would have to eat my food off a dish on the floor in another room, and I would have to sleep on the floor at the foot of his bed. When he showered, if I was being punished, I had to sit on the floor of the bathroom and watch, but not touch him.

The longest period of punishment I remember lasted five days, and I thought I was going to go crazy.

Dad is gone now; he was killed in a car accident, but he taught me to serve and serve well.

Mike
Michigan

DAD'S POUCH

My father died rather suddenly some 35 years ago at age 35 when I was 12. I remember him as a short, stocky Mediterranean-Jewish type, olive-skinned, black hair, large-boned with great arms and hair-covered pecs against which I used to snuggle as a kid. Very much like the famous Colt model Bruno, who sets hearts aflutter whenever he appears on the streets of Greenwich Village.

Unfortunately, I got my build from my mother's German ancestors—fairer and taller with long limbs. Only after years of off-and-on body-building do I find myself more acceptably shaped.

While I was growing up, Daddy didn't much hesitate to appear in my presence with his thick cut cock dangling in front of me, sometimes encased in the snap-on pouch of his 6-inch high abdominal belt which he wore to check his increasingly protruding stomach. After my mom died some years ago, I found among her possessions some of Dad's jockey shorts, jockstraps and abdominal belts with pouches, which I highly treasure.

I find myself gravitating to this type during sexual pursuits, and over the years have had many hot scenes with such partners dressed in full leathers, uniforms and gym clothes.

Some years ago while on a motorcycle trip alone across Pennsylvania, I stopped at a diner and found myself sitting across from a family group. The father was in the uniform of a highway patrolman—regular tan trousers with short-sleeved tan shirt, not to be confused with the CHP uniform—and looked very much like the older partner in the TV series "Simon and Simon," balding, mustache, bulging arms. Next to him were his wife, two girls, and the youngest, a meek skinny little boy of about six, too well behaved. Looking at this dad and son brought back many memories of my own boyhood, and I wondered whether this boy would also grow up worshipping his father like I did.

EDS
New York City

THE SLEEPING BAG

What a turn-on (and what a relief) to read others' father-son stories. I guess we all feel pretty secretive when it's for real, but I'll share mine in hopes of reading more:

My son was under eighteen when I asked if I could have him for a week to go off on a ski trip. We were both so excited (I only get him one weekend a month and sometimes we miss that). I packed the car with everything I could think of for a deep winter trip; I put in a big down sleeping bag, sheepskins, and some of my leathers.

After we had stopped for supper on the way up to the mountains, I changed into my leathers and spread the sleeping bag out on the front seat. He took off his shoes and made himself comfortable with his head in my lap. By the time we got to the motel, he was sound asleep. I checked in, parked by our room in the back, then just carried him in, in the bag, and laid him on the bed while I carried in all our gear.

I locked the door and pulled the drapes shut. Then I decided I should undress Johnny before I unpacked. Without thinking, I removed all of his clothes and found myself looking at his small, naked bod and wondering if he would ever grow to my 6'1" size. I was amused to notice his dreaming cock standing at attention. Rather than put him in bed, I just closed him back up in my huge Arctic bag, fixed myself a drink, then went about the unpacking.

As I undressed for bed, I looked at my boy and thought how soon he'd be a man and be sharing a motel with someone else—perhaps another man? I didn't want to lose him—not just yet. I went to my bag and brought some of my equipment to the bed. Quietly and softly, I gathered the enormous down closer to his small body and secured it in place with black leather straps. I eased each belt under and around, then pulled it tight. At the mummy hood, I gently kissed him, then closed it around his face. Leaving only his mouth and nose exposed, I bound it in place with a soft cord of leather which crossed over his eyes, mouth and neck. Then I eased just the head of my aching meat into the sweet mouth and let him taste where he'd come from. I lay in the bed and held him 'til I dropped off to sleep, but before morning I loosened the bondage and slipped him out of the bag. I wondered what—if anything—he'd remember.

We had a terrific day at the slopes: a lesson, playing in the snow, lunch, ski lift, a few runs. We hit a couple of the shops. Grabbed a bite to eat. Then back to the motel early.

Playfully, we got into the shower together. I soaped his back and enjoyed rubbing his limbs, but I nearly jumped when he touched my cock. I tried to stay cool as his hands explored my body. With cocks standing erect, we hugged and kissed under the spray of warm water. Towelling dry, we chatted about watching TV ahd having a drink, then went to bed early.

I threw my sheepskin over a chair and fixed a drink while Johnny turned on the tube and "putzed" around on the bed with my leather jacket. He carressed it, smelled it, and wrapped it around himself, distracting me. Finally I looked at him and held out my big sheepskin. He slipped naked from the bed and walked straight into my outheld coat. Without a word, he stood at attention between my legs, facing the inside. I closed it around him and ran the zip up the back. I tied the sleeves and the belt, sealing him in my confines. Then I tied his ankles together, and pulled the furry hood up over his face. I closed it around the back of his head and bound it tight. I lifted him up and carried him to the bed. My cock was hard and my balls aching while I opened just enough to expose his little ass. He tightened the cheeks as my tongue sought out his hole. Then I squeezed him in my arms, with one hand firmly over his face, and slowly guided my cock partway in—far enough to come in him.

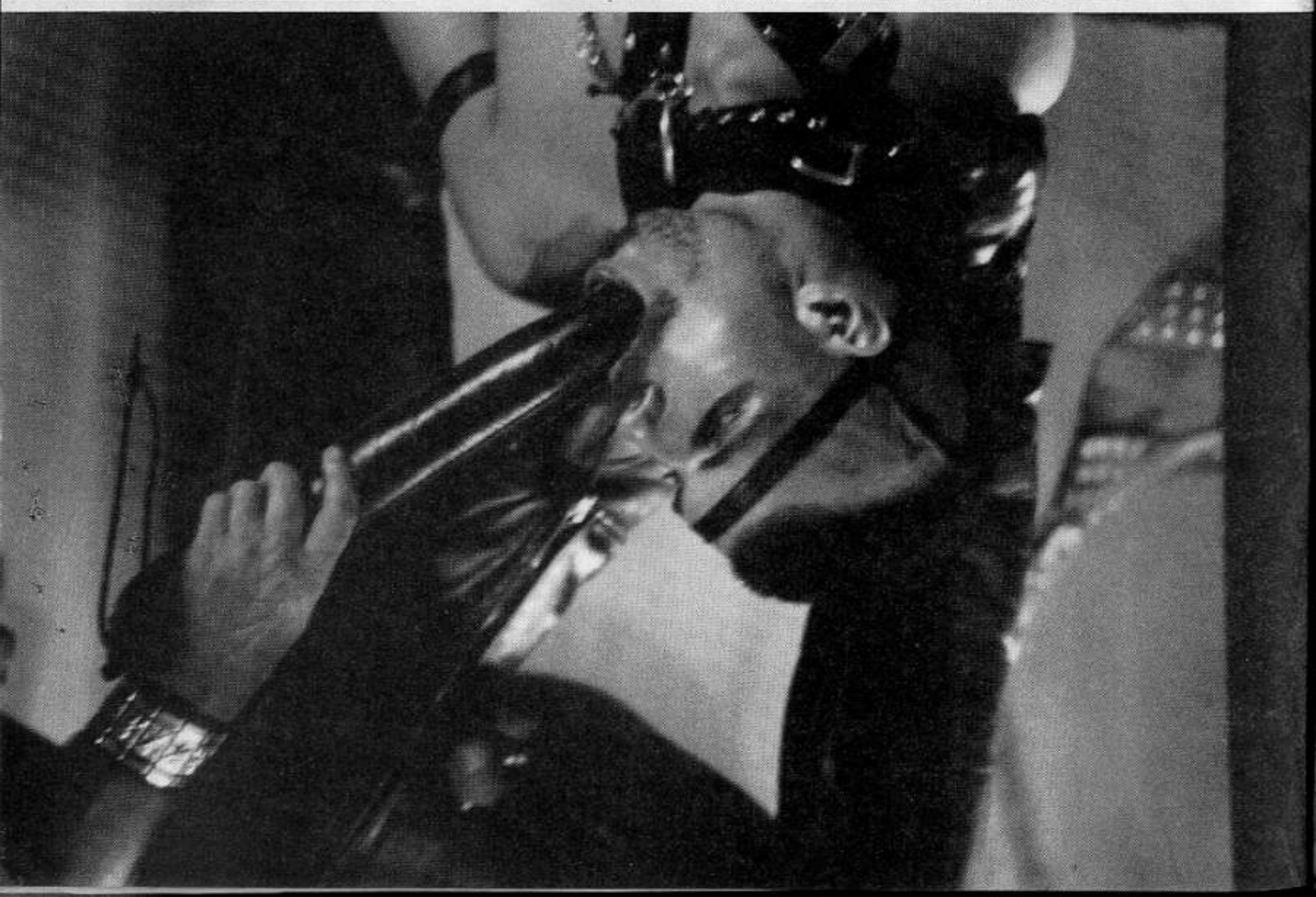
Throughout the week, we spent less time in the snow and more in leather and bondage. That was five years ago. Now he lives with me and shares my bed and leathers. I tie him up almost every night. Sometimes I find him on the bed in a sheepskin blanket, just waiting for Daddy to wrap him up, and sometimes on weekends, I don't let him out for 24 hours.

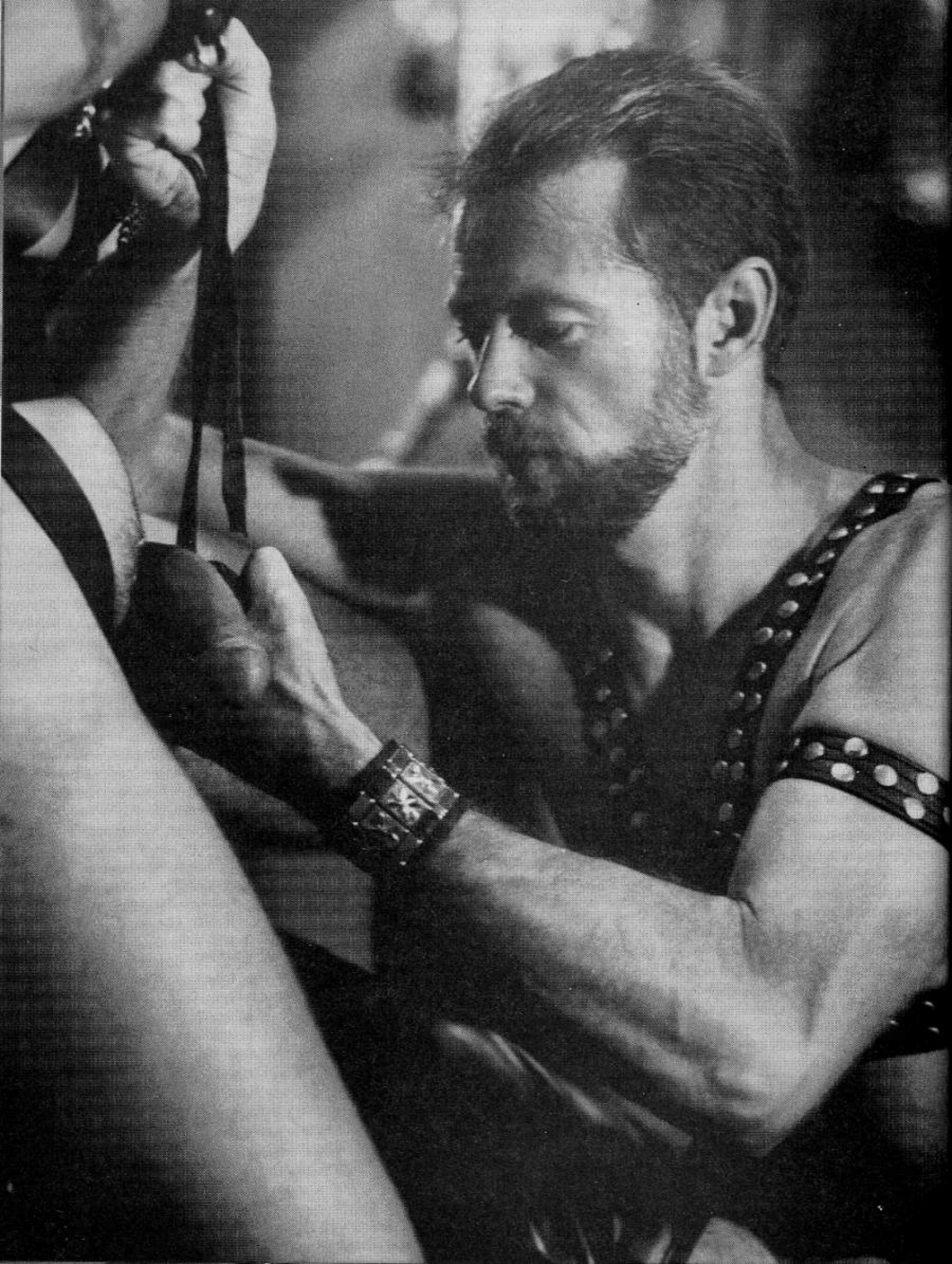
L.D.
New York

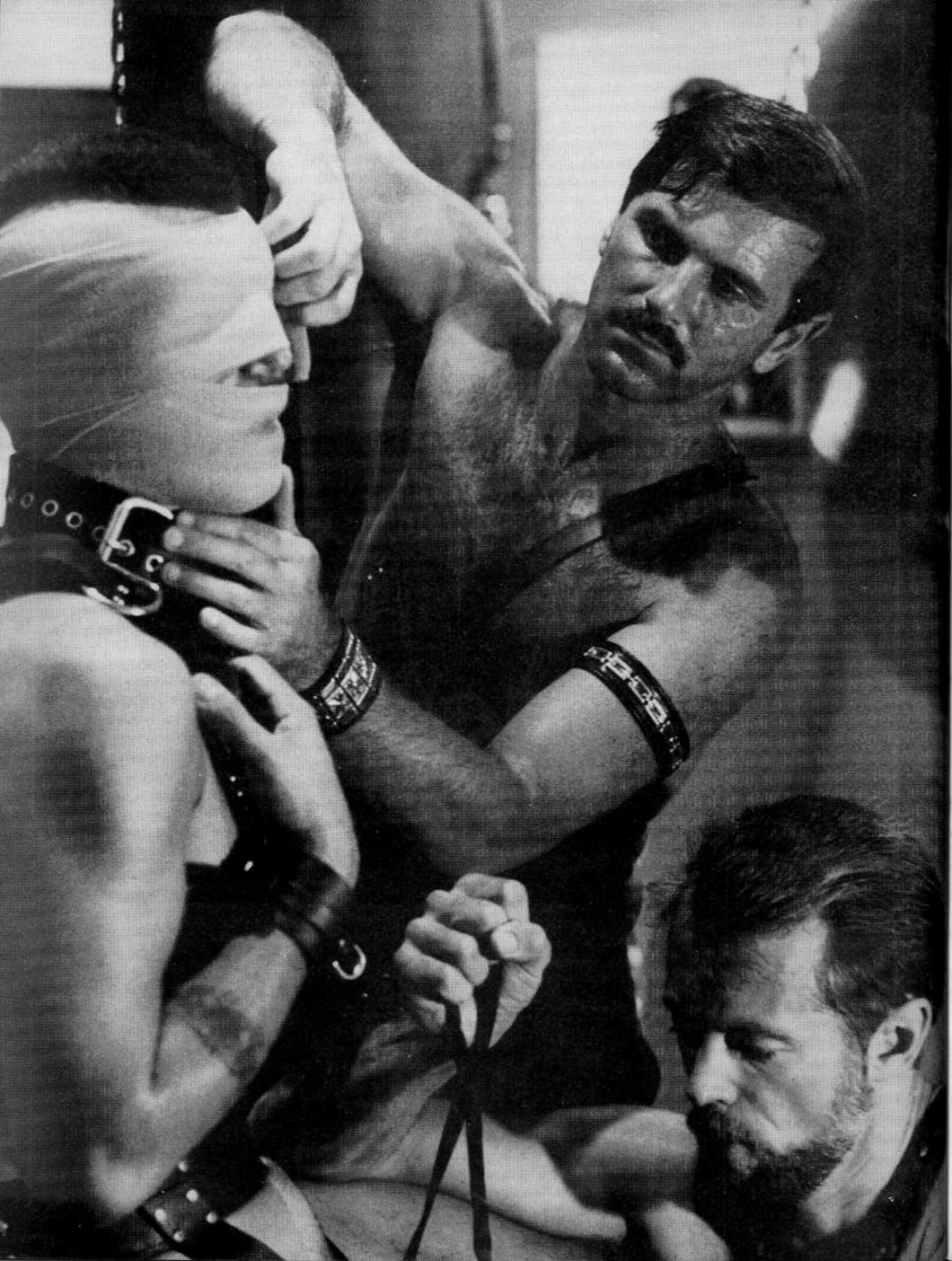
PATERNAL RITES

Daddy told me that I was going to get a brother. . . maybe. But first he would have to check out this new candidate and satisfy himself that the newcomer was worthy of being added to our family. I know what I went through when my Dad initiated me many years ago, so I knew this dude was in for one rough night. I was real glad I was going to be there to see it.

Photography:
Jim Moss







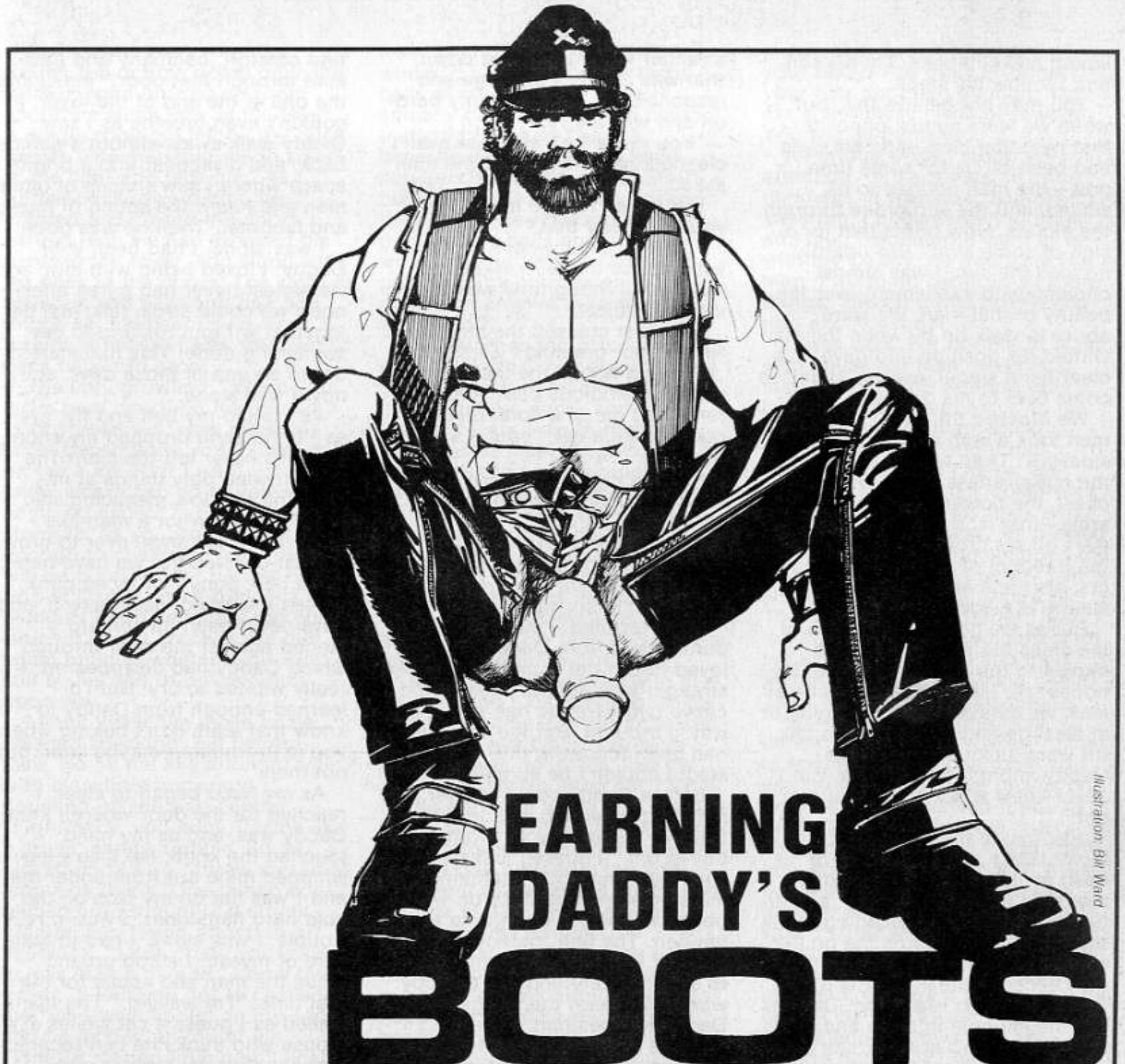


Illustration: Bill Ward

EARNING DADDY'S BOOTS

BY PETER MARCUS

When we left the Big Bird Bar on that cool, damp spring afternoon, I was full of disappointment. Daddy had said something just in passing a week or so earlier that had raised my hopes that at last I had earned those black boots he promised me. I sure had been trying hard to earn them; sometimes Daddy is easy to please, and sometimes it seems like there is no way to please him. So when he told me to meet him for late lunch at the Big Bird, I was sure that was the day we'd go up to the Man's Rack and get those boots. I'd been up there a hundred times to try them on, getting ready for the day. But we finished lunch, had a beer at the bar, and went out into the dismal spring afternoon.

Daddy's no dummy. He knew I was heavy, and I think he knew why. We walked aimlessly toward the edge of an old residential area now being restored. We both knew lots of men who lived in old shells of houses they were rebuilding. His arm was across my shoulder when I felt his heat start to rise; I looked around to see who was the object of his attention.

Then I saw him, too: Naked and muscularly lean above his lounging pants which covered but did not hide his well-equipped crotch, he was leaning against the doorpost of an old brownstone, probably six-foot-three or better. He was dark blond with darker bushy eyebrows on a rugged, bony face; his lips were full, almost pouting. Hot. My own heat began to match Daddy's.

Daddy never told me to not look and enjoy, but I'll never forget the sudden feel of his powerful hand against my head that one time I started to share out loud with him my turn-on at a big hairy shirtless truckdriver. So it was okay to let my heat rise and feast my eyes, but it was forbidden for me to tell my Daddy what made me hard, or tell him anything else like that when we were "on the town" together. I also learned—the hard way again—not to join in conversations with men he was interacting with: That was the Daddy's role, not the son's, except when he gave me permission.

So as we ambled up the block on the opposite side of the street from this powerful god-like creature, I knew whatever happened was what the man and Daddy

would make happen. I'm his son and I follow his steps.

You may not believe this, but when we were almost opposite that beautiful man—and his eyes had been on us for some time now—the man nodded to us, smiled, and the sun broke through the clouds. Now how's that for a sign of some kind? But I hardly noticed the sun, I was almost choking with excitement over the beauty of that man. We were about to walk on by when the man shifted his position and gave us a clear hand signal, ever so slight, to come over to his doorway.

We crossed the street and the man took a step down toward the sidewalk. Then we could really see the massiveness of his broad chest, the power in his long arms—that is, if we could get our eyes off his crotch, where, deep in the freedom of those loose trousers, his huge equipment was clearly in evidence.

But as we got to the bottom of the steps the man turned and moved to the door and inside. My hopes fell; I had begun to think at least we'd have a chat with him, or at least he and Daddy would talk. If I were lucky at such times, Daddy might introduce me. But I never knew whether he would or not.

Just inside the door, the man looked back, and with a tilt of his head invited us inside. Daddy mounted the steps, his big, powerful thighs and ass preceding me, a sight that always turns me on like nothing else and makes all other men second-rate in my mind. When I've been real good, Daddy lets me snuggle in there and go to sleep. But that's another story.

No introductions. Inside we were on a flagstone floor covered by a priceless oriental rug and surrounded by deep red walls with stark white woodwork in an entrance foyer bigger than my own bedroom. There were double doors on either side and a single door at the far end. The man spoke for the first time, looking at Daddy and pointing at me: "Who's the boy?"

"The boy's my son," Daddy replied.

"What kind of a son does he make for a real man like you," I heard the man say, putting me in my place.

"He tries to be a good boy," with the emphasis on "tries." Daddy was telling the man I still had lots to learn. I knew I did, but I felt cheated that Daddy wasn't standing up for me when this stranger was putting me down; that was Daddy's privilege and responsibility. I had lost my hard-on and was angry.

"You mean he's shit that hasn't cleaned up his act yet?" the man asked.

Daddy fell for the trap: "Yeah, you could say that."

"Do you know where you are, what house this is?" asked the man, and I thought he was changing the subject.

"No, just crossed the street to return your greeting," Daddy said.

"Tell ya what," the man said, in a deep melodious bass voice that reminded me of a contented lion purring like a cat, "you in a hurry?"

"Got all night; just moving around," Daddy replied.

"You leave this boy here with me—two, three hours—and I'll promise you he'll know more when he leaves tonight than you could teach him in six months."

I was terrified. I didn't mind punishment from Daddy, in fact I loved it. But not from this god-like stranger who sounded like a lion. *Leave him here,* he had said; *No way,* I thought. But the way Daddy had been following this man's lead, I couldn't be sure at all.

Before Daddy could answer, the man instructed me, still looking at Daddy: "Take off your clothes, boy-scum." I guess I just stood with my mouth open catching flies in astonishment and terror. I began to know it was going to happen. The lion roared: "I said, take off your clothes, punk, I want to see the puny body of this boy who won't learn the things his Daddy teaches him."

In the slow motion of fear I reached for the top button of my shirt—too slow: The lion reached out and in one wrench of that arm of steel, ripped my shirt from my body. The man was looking at me now, and I'd rather have had Daddy beat me with his belt than have had that man look at me like that.

"Take off your clothes for the man, boy," Daddy ordered. He used the voice he only uses when putting me in my place. *Goddamn!* Daddy also used "boy" to address me only in the most severe situations, like when I had been deliberately disobedient and he was really going to thrash me.

The man reached to close the door, looked out, and I saw the darkness of late afternoon and a torrent of rain pouring down out of angry black clouds. He spoke to Daddy: "You can wait here. You'll find comfort, company and pleasure through that door," indicating the one at the end of the foyer. I couldn't even breathe as I saw Daddy walk away without a glance back, and disappear into a bright space where I saw shapes of other men and heard the sound of music and laughter. Then he was gone.

I was alone. I had been with Daddy. I loved being with him, and we almost never had a free afternoon we could stroll, talk, just be together without rushing to get something done. This had started out to be one of those days, and now I was alone.

As I undid my belt and fly, even as I untied and dropped my shoes, my eyes never left the man. The lion growled ugly things at me, sneering in a low menacing way: "You're too low for a man like that; you're too small ever to grow up; flat-chested girl we have here, not a boy; puny shit-faced punk."

I felt it coming, never saw it, and have never been hit so hard. I landed against the door through which Daddy had disappeared. I really wanted to cry. But I'd learned enough from Daddy to know that tears don't belong when you're in trouble—maybe later, but not then.

As my head began to clear, I reached for the door where I knew Daddy was, and as my hand touched the knob, the man's leg whipped mine out from under me and I was flat on my face on the cold hard flagstones. I was in real trouble. I was alone. I had to take care of myself. I stood up and faced the man and spoke for the first time: "I'm leaving." The man smiled as I guess a cat smiles at a mouse who thinks he can escape. I reached for my clothes and started to put them on when, for the first time, the man spoke to me as though I were a man myself.

"If you're really that Daddy's son, and if you want to continue to be Son of Daddy, you'll stay. Hang your clothes in the first locker on the left," he said, opening the double doors to the right of the entrance door. As I moved toward the locker I heard him say, "No blood, no scars, no broken bones, no damage to the soul."

So the mouse learns he can't get away and is persuaded he really doesn't want to go away, because his Daddy is still there. So I hung my clothes more neatly than ever. (Daddy inspected my rooms every once in a while, and I had found out that neatly-hung clothes don't bring punishment; messy rooms do.)

As I turned away from the locker, the double doors opposite were opened on a plush room about the same size as the foyer. A single spotlight fell on the thick carpet. The man told me to stand in the light and face him. As I turned back toward him, he entered and closed the doors behind him. He had dropped his pants in the foyer, and stood with his back to the doors. The sight of his cock and balls and hair and thighs set my heat rising, and forgetting where I was, my own cock began to grow.

The lion, growling: "When you leave here, you'll be the son your Daddy deserves. How long that takes depends on you a little, but on me a lot. First I want you to know what I can do to you without anything except my own body strength, so you won't be foolish enough to challenge me. Then you will be punished for not yet being Son of Daddy. What happens next depends upon how long the punishment takes. You will see him again tonight; whether you will still be his son or not depends upon you."

I think I saw him move as he finished speaking, but I'm not sure. He hit me like a freight train with his whole body, and I bounced off the wall behind. "Fight back, you punk," came like a growl, barely audible. So as I picked myself up I threw myself at him, fists flying. One punch connected but I thought I'd struck granite, and found myself in a headlock. "I can crush your skull in less than a minute," came the growl; "I told you not to challenge me," as I was flipped on my back and he landed on top of me. "Whatsa matter, little boy," (that sneer again), "got no fight in ya?" There was a sardonic mirth in the growl.

I've never been a fighter, and in every way I'm average; in size and condition, I'm strong enough for what I want to do, but I am definitely neither tough nor powerful. During the next twenty or thirty minutes (how could I know how long it went on?) he kept challenging me, telling me not to challenge him, and putting me through more wrestling holds than I thought the book could hold. I still don't know how he didn't kill me, but I guess he knew what he was doing.

There were whizzers, body slams, grapevines, arm-locks, scissors, leg-locks, full nelsons and crushing cradles. I was pinned under his concrete-slab body at least forty times. Every once in a while I'd get that cock or those balls in my face, and once I actually got my mouth on his tool. Instantly I wished I hadn't, because he clamped my head between his thighs so I couldn't breathe or speak or move or even hear. When he released me he grabbed my balls and growled, while crushing them, "Touch me only with my permission or you'll not touch anyone ever again, not even Daddy."

My fear changed places with my anger over and over again; but as I got more and more exhausted there was less anger and more fear; once my eyes burned with tears, but at least I kept control of that. It ended as he wrapped his steel-cable arms around me and started to squeeze. I know he could have broken my back and all my ribs, but he did it so gradually I just lost my breath and his hold prevented me from taking in any air. I could feel his steady, hot breath on my face and neck as my head started to buzz; the growing blackness filled with firefly stars and I lost consciousness.

When I came to I was confused. The room was black. Dark. No light. He was not there; just the growling over an intercom: "Drink the whole thing when you see it in the light." The light came on and I saw a large tankard in front of me. When I had drained it the light faded out to blackness again, and a surge of new, warm energy began to flow through me.

"Stand at attention!" the lion roared. Then silence. Enough time to begin to think about what was happening, and to see if I was broken or not. I was not, but I knew I was going to be sore as hell for weeks to come. Then I started to check my feelings of fear and anger when the growl broke in:

"You have not obeyed your Daddy. You have been bad. You have disobeyed. Daddy is disappointed and sad. You shall be punished.

"You are dirty. You do not clean yourself. Your asshole is filth. Inside your asshole is rotten, worse than shit. You will be punished.

"You have not kept your rooms clean. You live in a mess. You are a punk and you are a slob. You will be punished.

"You are in debt. You spend without care. You act rich and you're not. So you're a hypocrite as well. You will be punished.

"You smoke. You drink too much. You do not take care of your body. You don't even get your hair cut often enough. You are a worthless piece of sewage. You will be punished."

All of this while I stood at attention. In blackness. In pitch darkness. It was slow, brutal and sneering. I began again to think and feel. Goddamn! I want to be with my Daddy; he treats me like a man; I try to do better in all those things. Then the wall opened up into another room.

It was dark, but not black. A tall, lean, muscular man, head in a leather hood and wearing only a body harness, stepped up to me. Another hooded man, thick, muscled, hairy, brought him leather goods and chains. He reached to put a thick collar with a chain attached on my neck and I ducked out of his way. He plowed a fist into my gut and snapped the collar on while I was on my hands and knees trying not to be sick. Then he hauled me upright with the chain and attached collars to my wrists and ankles and balls and cock,each with a long chain. Then the contradictions began.

Someone shoved me from behind and the lion roared, "Stand at attention, puny one, until you are told to move." The chains on my wrists were yanked furiously out to the sides, and the roar, "Hands at your sides, disobedient one; small, creepy mind: At Attention!" My right foot was pulled forward and my left foot to the side. I struggled to stay upright, much less at attention and the roaring came, "Boy, you are disobedient, you are a shame to your Daddy; he won't want you for a son when he knows how you behave here, boy." Sneering, acid, growling.

I'd had enough. This was horseshit. I shouted, "You rotten son of a bitch of a cocksucking faggoty queer, who do you think you are to trap me and chain me and beat me and blame me for being helpless, you dirty rotten asshole and a cuntlicker to boot, you unflushed turd of a pig!"

I'll never forget the first blow of the whip. Lightning split my back from my right shoulder to my left butt. Two of those and I was on my knees again and this time I really puked. My mouth was shut forever. I would never talk back again.

Instructions.

Roaring.

"Tell me how low you are!"

I kept silent.

Then the collar chain snapped

my head so that I thought my neck would break.

"Tell me how low you are!" he roared even louder.

"I am so low..." I began in just more than a whisper.

The roaring was deafening, and echoed in a high chamber beyond.

"TELL ME SO I CAN HEAR YOU! MAKE IT LOUD!"

"I am lower than shit itself," I shouted.

"Get that low, scum." A low growl, but it still echoed. And before I could begin to get low, the chain on my balls pulled me down and the pain shot out of the top of my head.

I told him how bad and degenerate I was, how unfaithful to Daddy I was, even that there were some cocks I liked better than Daddy's, how uptight I was about rimming, how sorry and sad I was to be who I was, a nothing, a less than nothing, a sore on the tit of an emaciated old sow nobody wanted, in a swamp of sewage and piss and shit and offal and deserved even less.

If I shouted I was strapped; if I whispered I was yanked, usually two directions at once; if I stood I was orderd to sit or lie, and when I did I was kicked. My balls were stretched, my cock was whipped, my ass was pinched, I was pulled and yanked with chains; I was struck and pounded with fists and boots. Every time I answered his questions, I was wrong and punished for it.

I still don't know if it lasted minutes or hours. I was exhausted again and kept fighting back tears, and biting my tongue to keep from talking back. My precome was all over the floor and snot was drooling from my nose and mouth.

Suddenly, silence.

No more instructions.

Then the collar, wrist bands and cock chains were all removed.My hooded punishers moved silently into the dark chamber, and the walls closed.

A low, matter-of-fact growl: "Turn around and stand at attention."

As I did I heard the wall panels open again, and a blndfold was placed over my eyes. Then large, strong hands, covered with warm oil, began to stroke my body; my neck and ears and shoulders; my arms and their pits; my back and sides and abdomen; my chest and tits. But this time I was getting hot and wanted my cock stroked, too. But at least the hands stroked my thighs and calves. How many hands were there? Four? Eight? Hands were all over me, firm, gentle, stroking, even massaging. My cock must have been in the way. It was standing tall as it ever had, nearly ready to burst, aching for attention. My hands had gone to it because none other did or would, and my hands were gently pushed away.

Then big arms picked me up—not just two, but many—and carried me face-up into what I thought of as the chamber, with its echo. I heard the rushing water of the hot tub, and was aware when my bearers began to descend into it. The hot rushing liquid further soothed my body, relaxing me, warming, almost caring. It was like I was being made new.

When I was lifted out I was laid on a firm soft surface; a warm scented breeze came from above; gentle hands toweled me dry; I was given another tankard of liquid to drink.

Then a gentle, reassuring growl. "Son of Daddy, you must obey again. You must not use your hands on yourself, or, without permission, on anyone else." Then it began in earnest.Hands and mouths and fingers and cocks and balls were all over me, sexually this time. Again there was no way of knowing how many. But they found the sources of my heat in my ass, on my nipples, in my crotch, behind my balls, in my ears, my cock, my neck, the inside of my mouth, my armpits. Nothing lasted long, only a touch, a moment, just enough to keep the excitement rising. Then it would move to somewhere else, to something else.

I was wired with sexual tension. I take a long time to come, or else I would have shot a dozen times already. Precome wet my crotch and seeped down into my asscrack.

I heard a deep, smiling purring: "You may use your hands on the others." I found thighs and pecs and tits; cocks and balls and arms and necks and mouths. My many lovers were thick with heavy muscles, or lean and hard, or even fat; they were smooth or hairy, bearded and clean, long hair and bald. They all had heavy cocks.

Suddenly my blindfold was removed. My feet were lifted high and I could see, standing at my butt, the man himself. He was growling low and melodiously without words. His hands were clenched together over his head, stretching and undulating his muscular torso to display his magnificence. My cock tried to take another leap, and then I saw his. A pointed head on the end of a curved sabre that stood gloriously erect and grew gigantically thick as its ten inches grew closer to his hard-veined abdomen.

He smiled.

Slowly he lowered his arms and bent over me to allow his curved sabre to touch my asshole. Poppers were put to my nose. His hips thrust forward with a gentle power and care, and slowly the head entered my asshole and moved on in to stroke my prostate. More poppers while he continued his penetrating journey into my awaiting interior. His hips began pumping powerfully but still with careful slowness as his hands began to massage my bursting cock.

When offered, I took another turn on the poppers, and as I breathed in the amyl I closed my eyes. Instantly the blindfold was returned, rendering me unable to see the man who was filling my body and soul. All this while hands and mouths and cocks had been stroking and kissing and probing my electrified body.

Another cock entered my mouth, and another mouth engulfed my cock. This cock and this mouth were different from all the rest: I knew them.

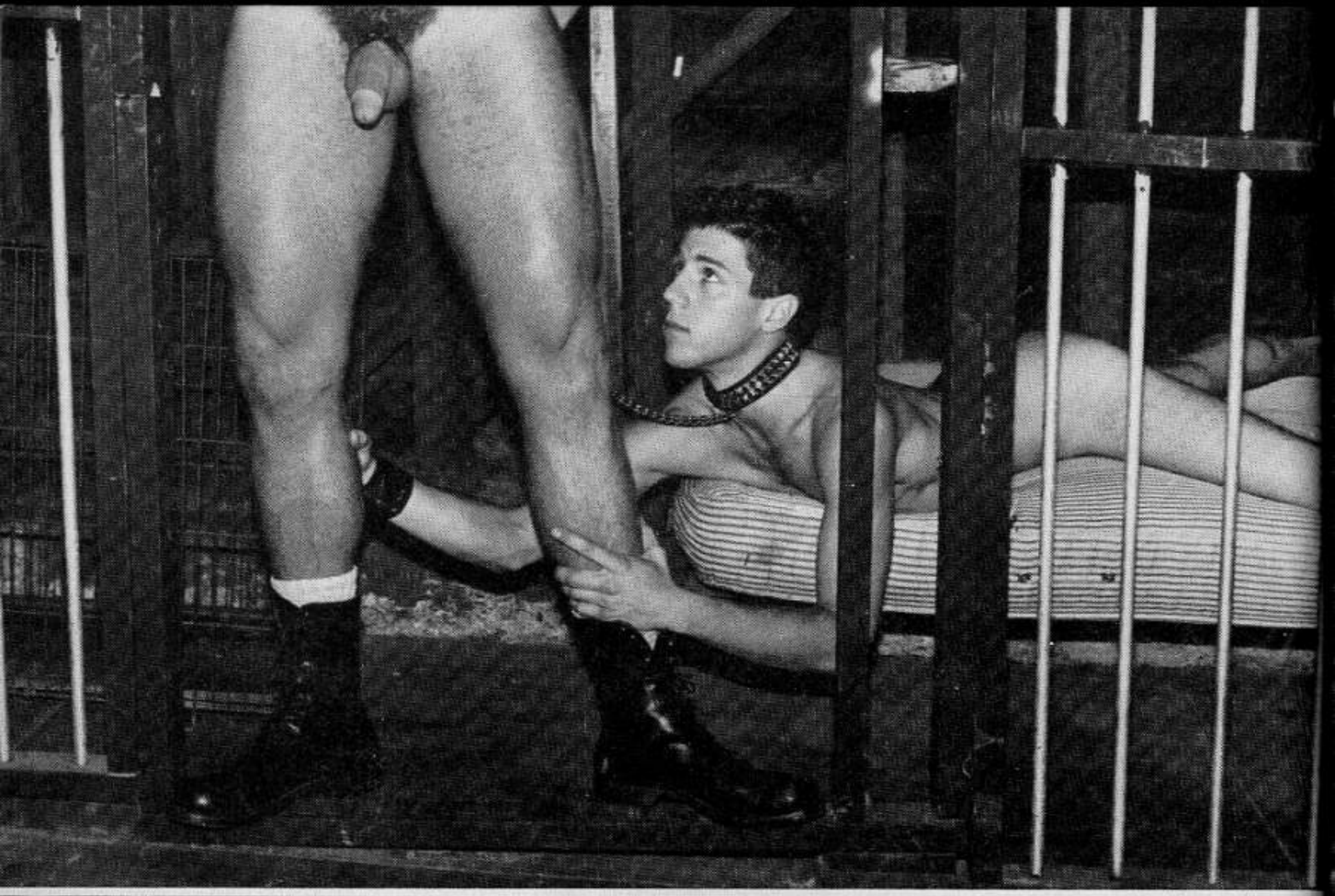
The man was beginning to loose control of his gentleness and was starting to pump home in earnest. The cock in my mouth was swelling huge, plunging deep and ramming the back of my throat as it always did. The mouth on my cock was joined by a hand, as I knew it would be, and soon the trumpet sounded, the rockets burst; I was almost drowned from the familiar-tasting come in my mouth, and I knew the mouth on my cock was overflowing, too. The sabre took three long, deep plunges to the hilt, and held there. Everything held. Still.

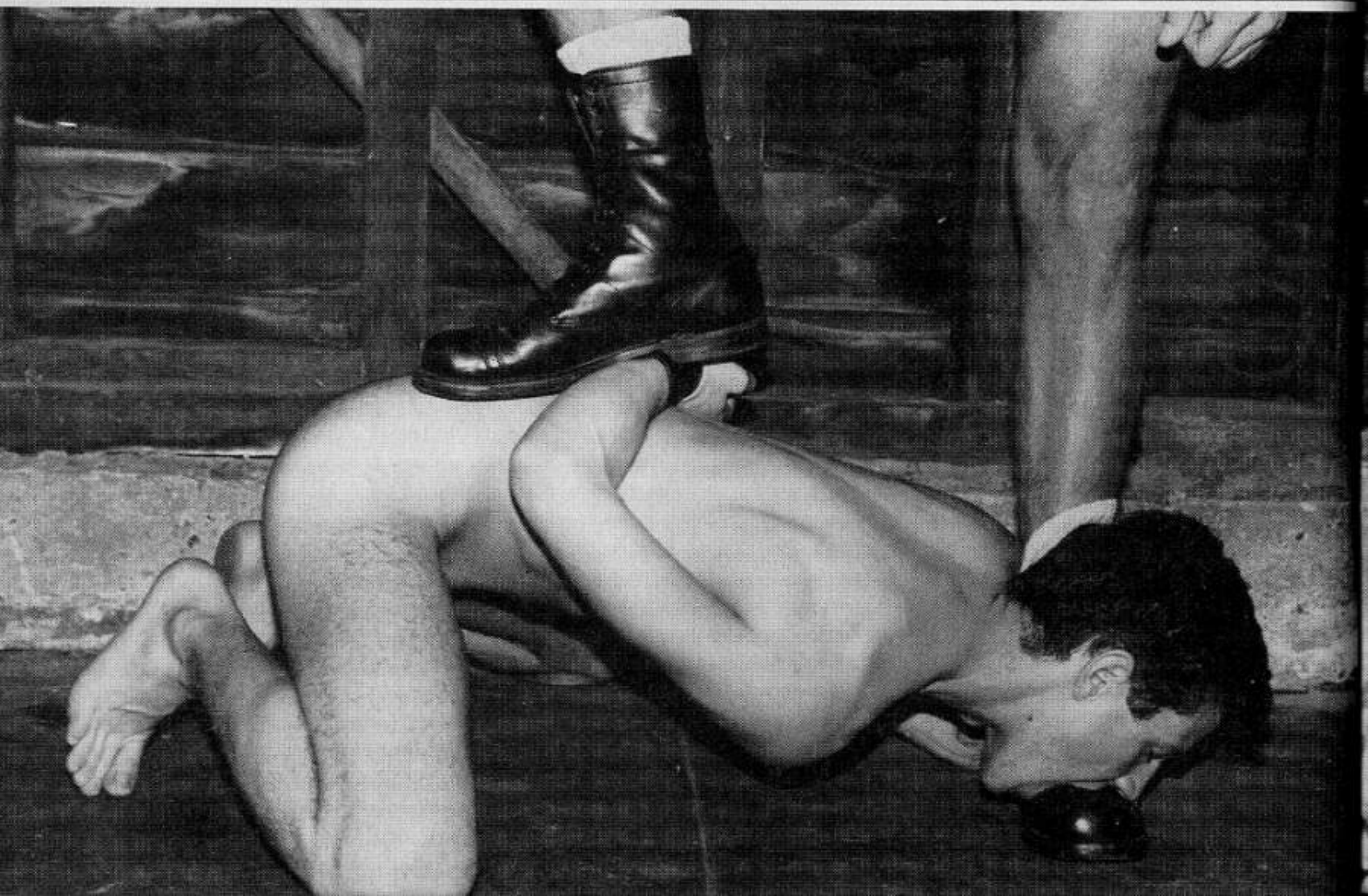
Close. Still. Deep breathing. Low growls and gutteral expressions of ecstasy. No words. A slow separation of bodies. Quiet music wafted in on softly perfumed air.

The body on top of me slowly moved away. I was covered with a warm soft blanket, a pillow was placed under my head. My blindfold was removed, and without looking I knew the room was empty; no one there. But then I sensed a presence. I lifted up onto one elbow and looked into the smiling eyes of Daddy, standing at the end of the table. Beside my feet on the table were a pair of black boots, just my size. □

A Son's Submission

Photography: Jim Wigler





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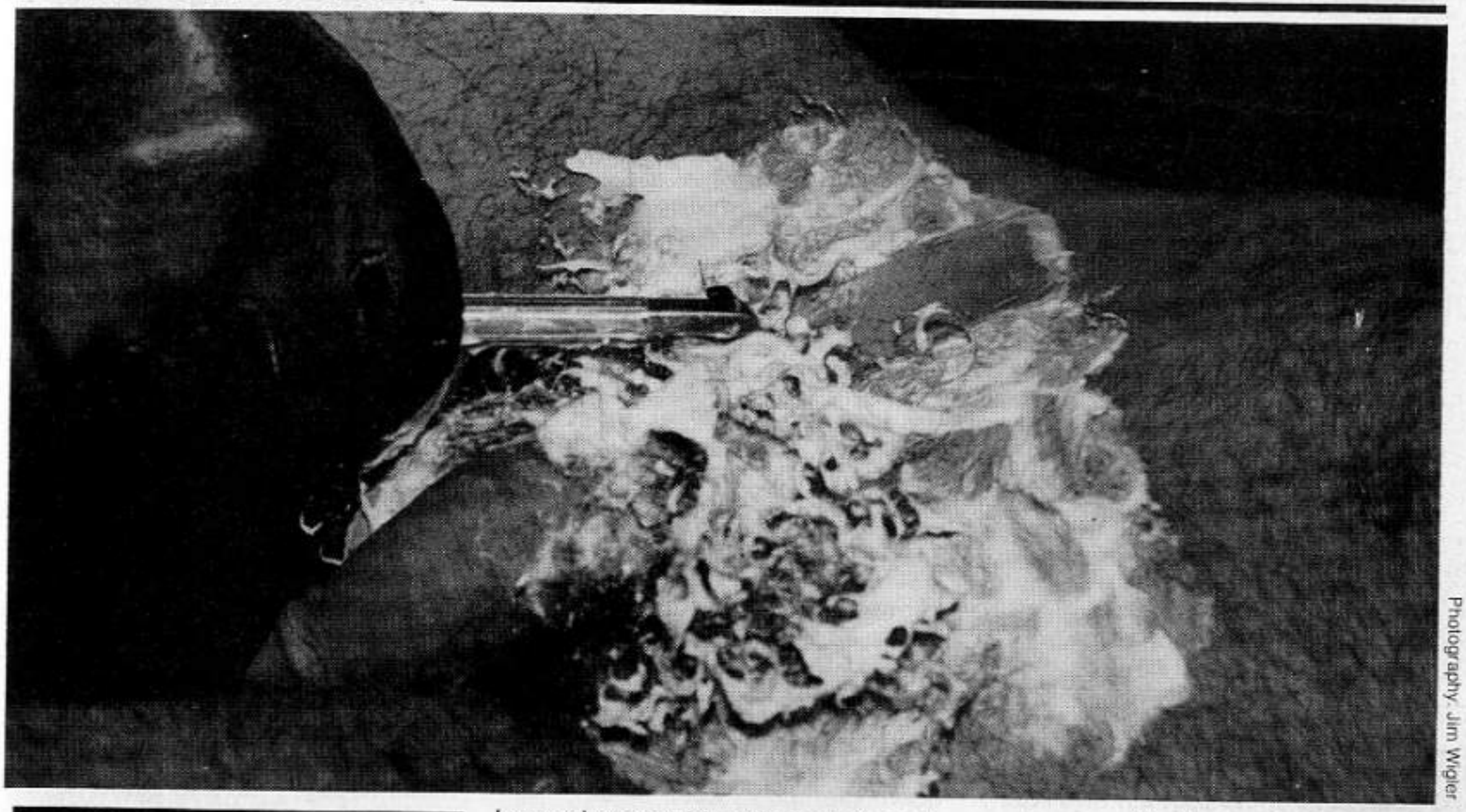

Photography: Jim Wigler

by Walton Guidry

Just let Ol Toby here fill you in on his idea of a real Daddy, one a fella can really respect and admire. I got me a Daddy that'll knock your eyes out with his looks and body and blow your mind with his plain down-home-style horse sense. Lemme tell y'bout Bubba, my Daddybuddy. He's not much older'n I am, only about five years, but it really turns him on to think of me as his kid. And as good as he is to me, anything that gets him off is just fine.

He's wise way beyond his years, too, with a wealth of experience at gettin all he can out of life. And y'know, experience is the best teacher there is. And let me tell you, there ain't a day goes by that that man don't learn somethin.

He's taught me a lot in the three short years we been livin together, but he never tries to tell me how I oughta live my life. He believes he can teach me a lot more by his example that he ever could by beatin it into my hide. And when you got the kinda respect for a man that I got for Bubba, just havin him look disappointed at me cuts a lot deeper than any whippin. Leaves a more lastin mark, too. Not that he don't run this show. Nossir. The deed to this house has got his name on it, and this house runs like he wants. And that's just the way it oughta be. He's the one saved up for it all those years, ever since he got outa school, so he's earned the right. Bought this place long afore I ever knew him, and he's worked damn hard ever since, keepin up the payments on it.

I could never save no money, anyhow. That shit runs through my fingers just like piss through a jockstrap. The little bit that don't run through dries up real fast. I guess that must be 'cause my folks never had no fun outa life. They was always squirrellin away ever damn dime for some damn emergency that never came.

Now Bubba, he needs to have his roots in the dirt, and don't mind shoulderin the responsibility of ownin a house, and he sees to it that I know I ain't goin nowhere. And one of the ways he does that is also the *only way* he runs my life. Lemme tell y'bout it.

Y'see, Bubba's got this thing about hair, mainly 'cause he ain't got any. On his body, that is, 'cept for a real thick patch of gleamin flax growin down around his big ol sausage-dick. Y'd never know it, though, cause as long as it's been growin there, he's been shavin it off. I know what it looks like, though, 'cause he let it grow out all the way when he first brought me home with him, and after he'd shaved off all my body hair, just so's I'd look the same as him.

Yessir, he took his Granddaddy's old straight-edge razor and went to work. No soap, water'r nothin. Just dry. Stripped me clean from my bottom lip clear down to my toes. I keep it that way, too, if I want any peace.

Then he let his grow, just so's I could shave it all off him. He made me keep track of ever little hair, which part of his dick it came from and all, and then I had to knot ever one of them silky, golden hairs into a piece of net, y'know, like the kind they make them wigs with, and it's shaped like a triangle, 'bout three inches wide and two inches high. When we go out to visit he has me paste it on the bald spot above my dick. Won't let me wear nothin but that and my boots. Don't matter how cold it is, neither. And don't think it don't look strange, me with my black crewcut and his blond bush.

Yep, I got me a haircut just like his that first night, too. I say like his, but mine's really only half as long. But with his bein so light and all, if he don't keep mine shorter it'll look like I got more hair than him, and that just plain won't do. My head used to get colder'n hell in the winter, let me tell you, but I finally got used to it. Had to! Can't get away with wearin

no hat with him around.He let me know from the start that I was wearin a real man's haircut now—his haircut—and I was to be proud of it.

Now ol Bubba, he's got this real light blond hair. You know, that hair that sorta glistens in the sun. Says he's always worn it short. And every Friday night he lets me give him his weekly haircut. I call it the Sergeant Major Special. I use the number 3½ blade on the Oster clippers on the front part, then go over the rest of the top with the number 2, and that leaves about a quarter-inch of glitter up there. Then I get to take the sides down with the number 0a, and that don't leave much more than deep-tanned sidewalls cause that hair of his is so damn light. I cut them sides good and high, too—all the way up to the edge of the front hairline on the sides, and clear up to the crown in back. Hot Damn it turns me on to see my big ol blond jar-head comin at me with his big ol slick dick pointin up at his navel with fuck juice oozin out of the hungry eye.

And does he ever come at me. Them haircuts get him goin real good, and there just ain't no way my butthole's safe when ol Bubba's just had his bristles sharpened. The whole time I'm cuttin his hair he's watchin me in the mirrors—watchin the way my hairless dick stands out a little bit harder with every pass of the clippers—watchin them little short hairs comin off his head—and strokin his donkey dick the whole time. And when I get done cuttin his hair and switch off the clippers, I got to move real fast gettin outa there if I don't plan on gettin fucked (that'll be the day) cause ol Bubba's on my ass just like a duck on a junebug. I usually can't even get to the bedroom before he's got me plugged. Ordinarily Bubba fucks me or I fuck him, or both, damn near ever day. But when he's done gettin his weekly whitewalls is when come hell or high water, he's gonna jam that skinned-down fuckpole of his into somethin. And I always see to it that there ain't nothin around for him to jam it into 'cept me, cause that's the time when he's in his top form, and always has to fire three or four loads up my butt before he's even started to get enough.

And, of course, you know I'm just in pigshit heaven. He gets me tilted clear up on my shoulders with my knees practically locked behind 'em while he's spendin two, sometimes three hours rearrangin my guts with his big ol pigsticker; he don't just ram it into me, neither. Nossir. He's got to shove that thing all the way home on every stroke, and while it's buried in me to the hilt, he grinds his dickstubble across my shaved ass till the cheeks are covered with red welts from whisker burn.

I call these sessions my pretzel-practice cause of the way he keeps me bent in half the whole time, but this is my favorite time of the week, cause I know I got him all to myself. He won't have nobody else around on that one night of the week when my hair is longer than his. So believe me, I make the best of it, point my asshole up just as high as I can and rub my hands over his head real lightly, just barely touchin the ends of the hairs. Man, that sends vibrations down his spine that transmit straight up my shitter, and between rubbin his head and playin with them nipples standin tall outa the base of his slab pecks, ol Bubba gets to buckin and fuckin like he's gone into another dimension but takin me right along. Even gets to droolin down on me, only takin his eyes off my face long enough to scan down the body I keep clean-shaven and well-honed for him, down to take in the sight of his shaved pole workin my shaved hole. But mostly he just stares into my face—like he's tryin to see deeper into my eyes.

And finally when he can't fuck another stroke without havin one, he'll roll over on his back, right up in the middle of the bed, arms and legs flung wide, just like he was staked out spreadeagle. Here's where I go to work. I start with his toes and work my way up, lickin and suckin ever inch of this incredible man that's just got through blastin everything he's got up my butthole. Yessir! I lick all the way up them long bronze legs of his with that fine gold fuzz on 'em, suck the sweat off his bull balls and out of the folds of his thighs, lick the now crusty jism off that big bald bird that's just now startin to soften a little, then up over his hairless belly and chest, especially where the sweat's been running down through the gutter between his pecs. Clean his armpits out real good, too, lickin and suckin till he's ready to climb the walls, cause he gets real ticklish after he's emptied his vats. And when he can't take no more and rolls over on his stomach, I go to work cleaning out the crack of his ass, ever now and then stabbing my tongue into his hole, makin it twitch and pucker. Then I stretch myself out full length on his back while I lick all the little short pieces of blond hair off his head till I can hear him snorin softly under me—contented and spent.

Then, ever Saturday afternoon, rain or shine, hot or cold, I have to sit out in the back yard on a beat-up old barstool, bare-ass buck naked, while he mows my head. Starts with the 1½ in front, cleans off the top with the 1a, then peels the sides with the 000. When he get done I got about an eighth-inch on top, and *nothin* on the sides or in back. But if it's rainin, he does it with one of them hand-operated clippers, y'know, like the army has to use out on the battlefield where there ain't no power. He ain't too good with it though, and it usually comes out real patchy. But that don't bother me at all, 'cause he's the only one I got to impress.

But now just think of it. Sittin out there in the yard, where all the neighbors can watch. And as if that wasn't enough of a show for 'em, when he gets done I get to stand in front of a mirror in the middle of the yard and show him how much I appreciate his work. I mean to say, I have to stand right there in front of that mirror and beat my hairless meat till I pop my nuts. All I can say is, it's a good thing we live in San Francisco, or I'd have my ass in a crack for sure, ever Saturday. But ever now and then I'll glance up from the mirror and catch sight of two or three other dudes lookin down at me from their windows, beatin off right along with me. Ol Bubba, he gets a real kick out of that. Likes to see folks gettin off on his big ol hairless kid.

We go to the gym three times a week, and before I can start my workout, we go into the shower together, and ol Bubba, he stands there and strokes his ol donkey-dick while he's tellin me how I got to get all that shitty-lookin stubble off myself, so's the fellas in the gym'll know just whose boy I am. And, of course, while I'm shavin my armpits, chest, belly, crotch, balls and asshole, Ol Bubba's got a regular routine to go along with all this, tellin me how I got to get myself all slicked down so's I won't embarrass my Daddy by havin more hair'n him, and I'm just a goin at all them little short hairs, my dick standin straight out the whole time, till it feels like I ain't never had no hair on me, 'specially around my dick.

Anyways, when I get my torso all smooth and bend over so's I can clean off my legs, Ol Bubba,

he gets around behind me, and while I'm standin there with my feet spread wide apart and my ass stickin out, he does it ever time, shoves that big ol soap-slicked pole of his right up my shitter. Right there in front of anybody that happens to be around. And so he just pleasures himself in my asshole till I get done cleanin myself off, and then I got to beat off in front of this big mirror they got there while he fucks the livin bejesus outa my fresh-shaven butthole. And when I start poppin my nuts at the hot lookin coupla dudes I see in the mirror, well, that gets my ass-muscles to goin, and there just ain't no way he c'n keep from blastin a hot load up in there. I always like to hang onto that load while I'm havin my workout. I just know it helps to keep them ass-muscles in shape.

And now that I'm speakin of the workout, let me tell ya about that trip. I got to go out there in front of all of em and do my routine in a black T-shirt, black jockstrap and black gym shorts. Well, y'say, what's wrong with that? Well, them things is all made outa that material that, you know, it's real, real thin. So thin y'can see right through it, and so there ain't a one of them fellas there that don't know I ain't got no hair on me, and that the reason for it is that I belong to Ol Bubba there. By the way, I hope y'all don't think I'm complainin or anythin like that, cause I wouldn't have it any other way. I'm real used to bein shaved all the time, and would trade all the hair in the world for the hot spot I done settled into.

When we get done with our liftin and stretchin, we go back into the showers and then I get to wash down that fine taut body from top to bottom. He likes me to use a bath brush on him, and I get to work and scrub him real good, from the top of his glistenin crewcut to the soles of his feet. And when he's satified with that, he steps out and I towel him down, while I just drip dry, then Ol Bubba, he sits himself down on one of them long benches in the locker room, one near the sinks, and kicks back on his elbows while I'm busy runnin the water hot and gettin out his shavin mug and brush, and his Granddaddy's straight razor that I had to learn to use (and there better not be no nicks) when I first met him. So I take that big ol brush and whup up a nice big batch of hot lather, and hook the strop on one of them coat hooks they got there.

First off, I lay a nice thick coat of it around his dick and balls, and that big ol thing just stands up so fine, anticipatin the "feel of steel" of that bare blade ridin over it. Then I wrap a hot towel around his crotch, and go to latherin up his face. He ain't got a lot of hair on it, so I can just start right in to shavin him, and in a few seconds when his face is done, I can look down at that pole he's got between his legs, and the fucker'll still be hard as a rock, just waitin for the kid to clean it off. And the damn thing stands up so hard that you can't bend it straight down to shave it. You got to work your way down to it, make a sharp turn, and finish on down the shaft. So I start in on the big triangle first, givin it them long, smooth strokes that feel so damn good, and Ol Bubba, he's just kicked back there kinda moanin real low in his throat, trippin on the attention he's gettin, and watchin them little golden stubbles bein peeled off from around his dick and balls.

And when I get the last of it off, and rinse him down with warm towels, then I rub him all over with some good body oil, specially where I just shaved him. I rub that part real good, so it don't get irritated (cause when it gets raw, I don't get none). Well sir, as you can probably guess, this really gets him a goin, and while he's returnin the favor of the oil rub, he's got me laid out on my back on that bench, just a-plowin the hell outa my ass. Again! When he's got enough oil on the front of me, he turns me over on my hands and knees, and puts it to me dog-style while he's oilin my back and legs. So, y'see, I wasn't so dumb to save that first load of his, was I? Sure does make that dick slide in easier.

One other thing I ought to tell you about ol Bubba. Now and again he takes it into his head that he's got an itch in his asshole, and you know that he knows exactly what'll get that itch taken care of. We got this real old brass and leather barber chair downstairs, and that's where he gets his haircuts. (I get to sit on an old, beat-up barstool out in the yard.) Anyway, he gets me into that thing, leans it back about half way, lathers up the whole front of me, packs my whole torso with hot towels, and strops that old straight razor to a fair-thee-well, then he goes to suckin on my bone, and twistin on my tits through them towels, squeezin my nuts and pullin em down against my asshole. He's been stretchin my balls for a full three years now, and he's finally got them to where he can shove em up my ass.

Well sir, as I'm sure you figured out by now, I get hot enough to bust when I'm shavin myself to please him, but when he lays me back in that chair and goes to work, man, it drives me plumb wild. Just watchin him work is enough to make me bust loose, what with his crewcut (my crewcut) gleamin gold in front of my face while he bends down over me, and his deep-tanned hairless body with the big pole stickin up out of the middle of it, big ol hairless balls swingin back and forth, the fine fuzz on his arms and legs gleaming in the spotlights with ever move he makes. Then when he starts in with that razor, it's all I can do not to blow a load right in his face the minute he puts the blade to me.

He always starts with my armpits, just like he makes me do in the shower at the gym, then cleans off my chest and belly. But then he skips down and grabs hold of my nuts, pulls em down real hard, and with those long smooth strokes of his, scrapes on em, twists on em, works on em till they look like they did when I was twelve, only now they hang down a lot farther than they did then. (Sometimes when he's not home I put on a five-inch ball stretcher and wear that around for a while. He always wants to see me wearin nothin but skin, and maybe a pair of boots.) And, when he's satisfied with them, Ol Bubba takes ahold of my dick, which is just about six strokes of the hand from blowin out all over the place, pulls that ol dick straight out, and, startin just below my belly-button, he touches that bare steel to my skin, and makes one long, slow, swipe, all the way down to where the last little bit of stubble grows, about two-thirds of the way down my dickshaft.

Well sir, that sets my flesh to quiverin, and that's just more'n I can stand, and that ol juice comes gushin out. Meanwhile, he just keeps on with them long strokes of his razor, shavin off the come right along with the stubble, till my ol drippin dick is just as smooth as a baby's ass.

Well, by now, let me tell you that I am hot enough that I could fuck a chicken, if that's all there was, even though I just blew my nuts. But right there in front of me is the hottest man you ever did see, just achin for some fresh-shaved boymeat. Gettin that first load off is just the safety valve I need to be able to fuck all night... □

DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT MY FATHER? I LOVED THAT MAN... MORE THAN I HAVE EVER LOVED ANY MAN... OR EVER WILL... HE WAS LIKE A GOD TO ME... KIND, PATIENT... A GENTLE GIANT... EVERY THING A FATHER SHOULD BE.

I WAS BORN IN THE CITY... THEN DAD LOST HIS JOB AND WE MOVED OUT WEST... BOUGHT A FARM... WITH A BIT OF LAND... DAD WORKED HIS ASS OFF TO MAKE IT PAY. MOM WAS UNHAPPY... ALWAYS FINDING FAULT... SHE WASN'T CUT OUT FOR THE ROUGH LIFE. I'VE WONDERED WHY SHE MARRIED HIM.

THINGS WERE NOT HAPPY WITH THEIR SEX LIFE. THOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT IN THOSE DAYS...

NO, JOHN! YOU ARE TOO BIG... YOU HURT ME!

HE WAS BUILT LIKE A HORSE... SHE WOULDN'T LET HIM NEAR HER... HOW HE MANAGED TO SIRE ME ON HER I NEVER KNEW...

MARY... F'FUCK'S SAKE...

DON'T USE THAT VILE LANGUAGE IN THIS HOUSE... AND LOWER YOUR VOICE!

DO YOU WANT YOUR SON TO HEAR WHAT AN ANIMAL HIS FATHER IS? GET AWAY...DON'T TOUCH ME... YOU AND YOUR DISGUSTING DEMANDS REVOLT ME...

...AND THIS PLACE... THIS DREADFUL PLACE... MILES FROM ANY-WHERE... MY FRIENDS

MARY... PLEASE... DON'T...

... ALWAYS AFTER MY COCK... THE PRIM MISS JONES ... COCK MAD...

LEAVE ME ALONE... GET OUT!

WHY THE SUDDEN CHANGE, MARY? YOU COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF ME ONE TIME!

WHAT!

NOW, SUDDENLY, MY PRICK'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU! ...FOUND A MORE WELL-BRED ONE? ONE THAT DOESN'T SMELL OF SWEAT?

OK... HOW DO YOU THINK ALL THE BILLS GOT PAID? WHERE DO YOU THINK I GOT THE MONEY TO PAY FOR ALL YOUR CLOTHES, THE KIDS SCHOOL?.. HEY? ...I FUCKED FOR MONEY!! ...I SCREWED FOR CASH... THIS COCK HAS EARNED A LOT... FOR YOU!

...NO! NO!... IT'S BECAUSE I'VE FOUND OUT YOU GO WITH MEN! MEN! YOU, YOU DISGUSTING VILE...

PA!

HELLO, SON! DID WE AWAKEN YOU? —I'M SORRY, IT'S OK. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...

COME ON, LAD. BACK TO BED... IT'S LATE.

MA TOOK ME AWAY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING... NEITHER SPOKE A WORD.

WE WALKED THE FIVE MILES TO THE RAIL STATION. I REMEMBER LOOKING BACK MANY TIMES TO THAT SILENT FIGURE...

IT WAS SOME YEARS BEFORE I SAW HIM AGAIN. I WROTE TO HIM OFTEN, BUT PA WAS'NT A WRITING MAN AND HIS REPLIES WERE SELDOM... THEN NOT AT ALL! OUR NEXT MEETING WAS REALLY SOMETHING! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT SOMEDAY.. REMIND ME!

DRUM
GOLDEN SHOWER BEER
BYZANTINE ART
MEDIEVAL ART
RENAISSANCE ART
BAROQUE ART
YEAH
RING RING
HELLO! DRUMMER DRUMBEATS AD No.1234? YOU SOUND THE KIND OF GUY I NEED RIGHT NOW... COME IN YOUR CONSTRUCTION WORKER GEAR... THE ADDRESS IS...
WAKE UP, BABY. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO... AND SOME CASH TO EARN, I HOPE...
THE IDEA OF ME PUTTING ON MY WORK CLOTHES... THE EVENING MIGHT TURN OUT OK!
BETTER THAN JACKING OFF OVER A VIDEO FILM ANY WAY!
BACH WEIHNACHTSORATORIUM
RAW MEAT
I WANNA FUCK!

DRUM

I WONDER WHAT THE GUY ON THE 'PHONE LOOKS LIKE!

HERE!

DRUM

C'MON UP. TOP FLOOR!

WANNA FUCK?

...OR WHAT KIND OF SCENE I'M GETTING INTO...

NA
K?
DRUM!
PA?
GOOD TO SEE YOU, SON!
YEP... MY OLD MAN. FANCY MEETING HIM AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... STILL ON THE GAME... STILL LOOKING GOOD. YOU NEVER KNOW... YOU, TOO, MIGHT RUN INTO MY PA ANSWERING A DRUMBEAT AD... OR MAYBE YOUR OWN!!

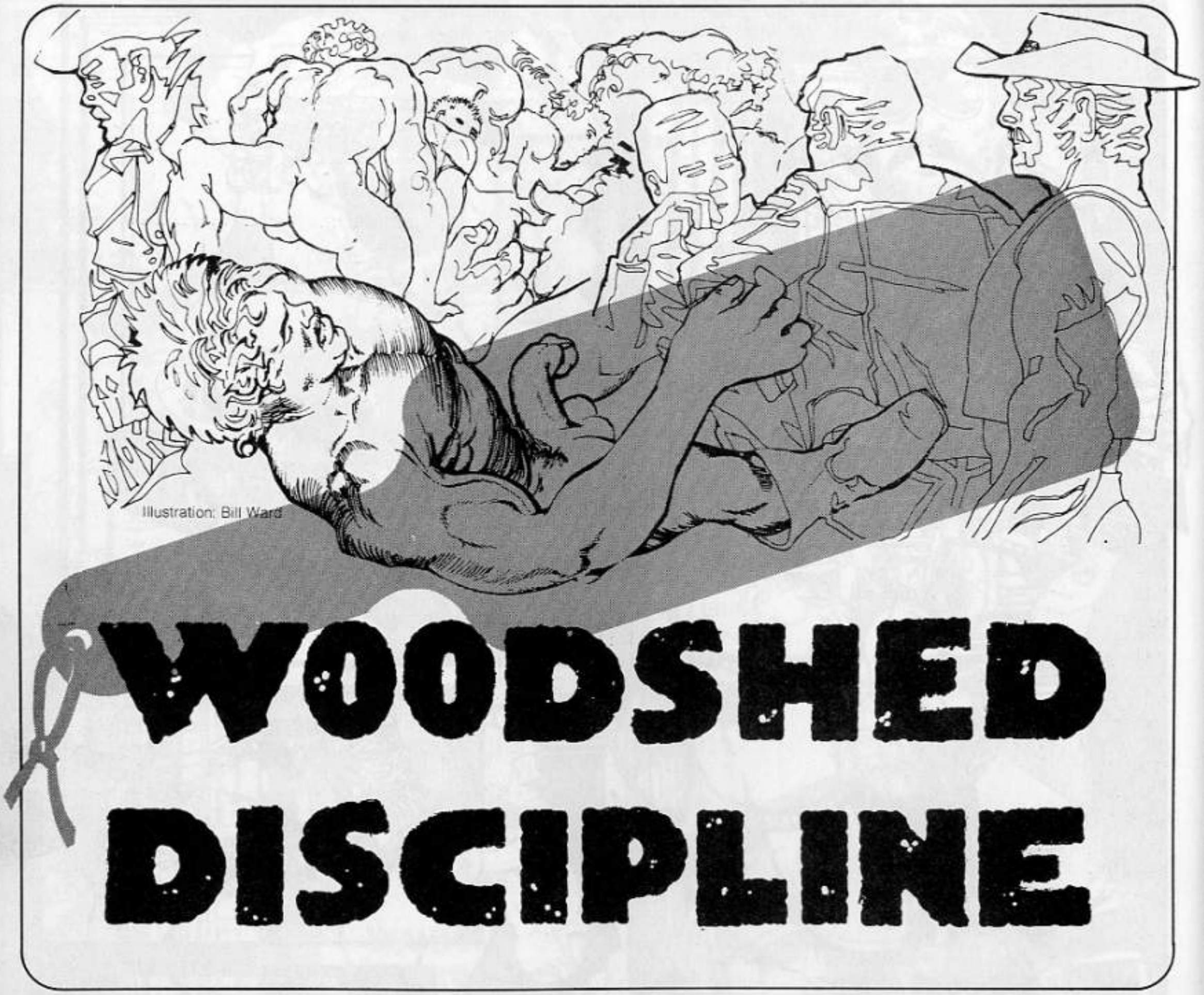

Illustration: Bill Ward

WOODSHED DISCIPLINE

(Editor's note: Since the Daddy Phenomenon first began in the pages of Drummer, *some truly amazing, amazing-but-true stories have come to light. For* Drummer Daddies 2, *we decided to search through our case history files to choose a single "true confession" that was worth sharing again. It had to be representative of what The Search for Older Men is all about; epic in scope; and hot as hell. This is it . . .)*

My "daddy" reads your magazine each month and sometimes, if I've been good, he has me read the "Drummer Daddies" column out loud to him. Yesterday, however, I was bad and he took me to the woodshed. As further punishment, he is making me write this letter, describing to the readers our own father-son relationship, and I must decribe yesterday's punishment in detail.

My "dad" is 41 years old, tall, strong, good-looking and well-built. He is the most important person in the world to me, and I respect him more than I thought I could ever respect anyone. I respect him for the man he is, and the father he is. I respect him for his care and attention, and I respect him for his discipline.

I am a white male, age 25. I'm tall, blond, blue-eyed, hard worker, etc. My "daddy" adopted me almost a year ago.

We live on a ranch in Texas, and my duties include almost everything that needs to be done, from shoeing horses, working cattle, harvesting, baling and stacking hay, tractor work and feeding livestock to cleaning the ranch house and cooking three meals a day for both of us. My "uniform" consists of one pair of jeans, one jockstrap, one belt, one pair of socks and one pair of boots.

I must wear spurs on my boots every time I go outdoors, and often I wear chaps over my jeans. I must wash every item of my clothing every night, and I must polish my my spurs and boots, along with my dad's. My jeans, bought new a year ago, are now old and faded, with tears in both knees and the're nearly worn through in the butt, but dad says I'm lucky to have them. And he's right. All my belongings were loving gifts from him.

I am never allowed to wear any clothing whatsoever inside the house. I must tend to all household chores in the nude, including cooking and cleaning and polishing. When Dad comes in from outside after a hard day in the hot sun, first I greet him at the door, nude, and I take his hat and after dusting it off, I place it on his hook by the door. He usually sits down in his favorite chair while I fetch his beer. And it had better be cold! Then he usually orders me to get on my knees and polish his boots, which I do carefully and lovingly with my tongue. I must

lick off every speck of dirt, mud, dust, and even cow shit. Top, sides and bottoms. I must be careful, however. If one, just one speck of dirt or shit is on the floor afterwards, I'll earn myself a trip to the woodshed. So I'm very careful to do a good job. If I do a good job, then Dad rewards me by standing up and letting me touch and feel his big cock through his jeans. I direct my hands toward that big lump in his crotch and gently, ever so gently, touch and caress it through the heavy, starched material. Dad finds this very enjoyable, and sometimes if I've been good, he lets me open his fly with my teeth and as soon as his big dick plops out I am allowed to run my tongue up and down along the shaft until he is fully aroused. When that happens, I place my hands on my dad's firm butt and gently massage and rub his backside through his jeans. I know Dad likes this, and at that point he usually spreads his feet apart and grabs me hard by the back of the head and pushes me into his crotch and I take him in my mouth and blow him just the way he likes it, all the while gently rubbing and his butt.

Afterwards I swallow every drop—or else. I can almost always take it all, but sometimes, especially after a hot day in the saddle, he shoots real hard, and I spill some. He usually takes me over his knee on the spot and spanks me real hard. For a long time, till my ass is red and glowing to his satisfaction.

After I fix him dinner (we eat together), I give him his bath. I enter the tub with him and wash every inch of his body, his hair, his crotch, his crack. I dry him off and wrap the towel around his waist. I blow-dry his beautiful hair and comb it into place. Sometimes he lays down on top of the bed and wants a rub down. I sit down on his butt and massage his sore aching muscles with rubbing alcohol followed by a light powder which I rub completely into the skin. Sometimes I rub his butt too (he spends many hours a day in the saddle) and it makes him feel good.

After that, he usually wants to be left alone for a while, to read or watch T.V. while I finish cleaning up after dinner and tend to my other chores. I enjoy the privacy too, and take my shower and clean my jeans for the following day.

But after a while, I hear him call me. I must report at once. It's usually time for "bed" or time for a shave. Dad shaves me at least once a week, more often two or three times. I must bend over and grab my ankles while he applies lather to my ass and crotch with a brush. He takes a straight razor and sharpens it on his strop (the strop I know so well) and slowly and carefully removes every trace of hair. And then he fucks me in the ass. Long, hard thrusts. When he comes he fills my guts with his cum, then he turns me over and jacks me off with his hand. It never takes very long for me to cum. Of course, afterwards, I must clean up all evidence with my tongue, first cleaning his hand, then every place else it went.

I sleep by his side, and I am there at any time during the night to handle any desire he may have during the night.

In the morning, I must rise before he does and wake him with coffee and breakfast in bed. If I oversleep, like I did yesterday, Dad orders me to the woodshed.

It was not the first time I have overslept, and after the tanning Dad gave me last time, I swore to myself it would *never* happen again. But it did. Yesterday morning.

This is not meant to sound like an excuse. There is no excuse, and Dad knows that. But the night before, I was awakened in the middle of the night by my dad, wanting his huge cock serviced. I took him in my mouth, and caressed it lovingly with my teeth for a long time. Dad wanted to prolong his cumming for as long as he could and stood over me with his razor strop in his hand. Every time he thought he was about to cum, he would swing the strap hard across my bare ass. At that painful signal I would apply pressure with my hand to the base of his shaft until the urge to shoot passed and he started to go soft. I would then harden him up again with my mouth. The procedure was repeated several times, and he was hard for a full two hours, when finally he exploded and filled my mouth with his sweet cum. I swallowed it—every drop—and he got back in bed and fell instantly to sleep. I had a harder time, unfortunately, as my ass was hot and red and burning from the strap. And I had a rock hard dick. (My dad doesn't allow me to beat off without his permission and I didn't dare wake him). So I lay awake for a long time, my mind on the hot pain in my ass. As it got closer and closer to dawn, I became afraid to fall asleep, for fear I would not wake up on time. I do not use an alarm clock, for fear that it will disturb Dad, and the threat of a trip to the woodshed is usually sufficient cause to rise automatically around dawn. My efforts to remain awake failed, and the next thing I knew, I heard the sound of Dad waking up on his own, to no coffee. Suddenly I felt the sheets ripped from over me; I felt Dad's knee planted firmly in the small of my back. He raised his palm up high and brought it down HARD across my sore, tender ass. My eyes flew open as I responded to the rekindled fire in my ass.

"Get up! NOW! You get dressed and get your ass out to the woodshed NOW!"

Dad was mad, and he had every right to be. I deserved what was coming to me. And, as sore and tender as my ass was from the night before, I prepared myself for the trip to the woodshed.

Dad disciplines me in many ways, but relies heavily on corporal punishment. He uses many different methods to keep me in line, including frequent hand spankings, his razor strop, belts and an occasional caning. They are all very painful to me, and therefore quite effective. These tearful sessions always occur outside the house. But when I really deserve a genuine hide-tanning, Dad sees to it that I get it and that's when he orders me to the woodshed. Dad utilizes one other method of discipline, one that I dread the most and he knows it. The paddle. And he keeps his paddles in the woodshed.

Dad's hobby is making paddles, and he must have at least thirty or forty of them out there. Often I will hear his electric saw at work out there as I am doing my chores, fully knowing he is busy at work making a new board to bust my ass with. Sometimes he'll call out to me and make me enter the woodshed and bend over so he can place a new paddle to my ass to see how it "fits." Once he ordered me to grab my ankles and bend over, and made me hold that position for over an hour as he slowly and carefully selected various boards and scraps of old wood and held them to my ass to determine a good board to go to work on, never once swatting me. Then there are other times when I'll hear him call me in there so he can "test out" a new paddle or break one in. He gives me a hard swat with it, as hard as he can swing it, or sends me out the door to get back to work, my mind and my hands on my burning backside. If he likes the sound of the lick, he keeps the paddle. If not, it goes in the trash barrel. I have come to recognize the "POP!" of a good lick from a good paddle, and I also know the "THUD!" or "WHOMP!" of a loser. Not that the losers hurt any less, but Dad wants every paddle in his collection to be perfect.

In addition to dad's ability to make good paddles, he is also an artist when it comes to using them. As a youngster, I got paddled often in elementary school where the threat of a paddle was much worse than a lick itself. Later, in highschool, after puberty, I actually did things on purpose to earn a paddling, and there were some pretty mean swingers. One man in particular, a coach,

gave me what was commonly to be the hardest lick in the school. He caught me a time or two and could give me a lick so hard it would bring tears to your eyes. But he was nothing next to dad. Dad believes in hard licks. Fiery licks. The kind I need. The kind I deserve.

Yesterday morning, after hearing Dad's order to report to the woodshed, I slowly walked down to the kitchen, put on my jock strap, my jeans, and my belt. Dad likes me to be "fully dressed" for a paddling. I put on my chaps (open in the butt, of course) and fastened my spurs to my boots. No shirt, of course.

My dick was getting hard again, in anticipation of Dad's discipline. I remember thinking how much those licks would hurt that day in particular, after the strop the night before. But I knew I deserved it. I went out the kitchen door and clanged my way in my spurs to the woodshed, out behind the house. I waited for Dad, my heart pounding.

A while later, I heard the screen door slam, and the sound of Dad's heavy boots coming towards the shed. I stood there, staring at the dirt floor, my hands clasped in front of me as he walked in, slamming the door open and nearly throwing it off its hinges. He was mad, very mad, as he always is when a trip to the woodshed becomes necessary.

I was not sure what position he wanted me in. He either orders me to grab my ankles, my knees, or bend over the long workbench he keeps cleared for this purpose, depending on the size, weight and shape of the paddle he will use.

As I stood there, Dad walked over to the wall and rolled up his sleeves, staring at the row of paddles. His eyes stopped on a two and a half foot long model, a good seven inches wide, at least ¾ of an inch thick with holes drilled in a grid across the face of it. He took it off the wall.

I snapped to and did as I was told. I knew what that paddle felt like as I have felt it many times. It is one of his favorites. I spread my legs wide, as he has taught me to, and grabbed my ankles *hard*, underneath my chaps. I gripped the back of my spurs with both hands and held on tight as Dad moved behind me, in an area with plenty of room to swing the big board. The handle was extra long, allowing for both his hands. He gripped it hard and its heavy length nearly reached the floor, as he took several practice swings through the air. Chills raced up and down my spine as I heard the sound of air whistling through the holes in the paddle as he swung it through the air. I knew that soon that board would crack across my butt and send fire racing deep into my ass. Dad started hollering at me giving me the lecture I deserved and explaining why I was to get my ass beat.

He placed the paddle to my ass and I felt the wood back there—the wood which was soon going to blister my ass. He planted his own boots firmly in the dirt and rubbed the paddle back and forth, hard, across my jeans. The sweat started to pour out of my forehead, and I took in Dad's words. He told me how disappointed he was in me for failing to serve him properly. How willful I was, how stupid I was, and how much I needed to be taught a good lesson. He was right and I knew it. I was stupid. I wanted to be taught a lesson. I needed him to teach me to behave and please him. I hated the fact that I had disappointed him. I wanted him to hit me. Hard. Harder than he had ever hit me in his life.

As he rubbed the board back and forth across the seat of my jeans, he shouted, "YOU'RE GONNA GET IT SON. YOU'RE GONNA GET WHAT YOU DESERVE! YOU'RE GONNA GET THIS BOARD ACROSS YOUR BUTT, AND YOU'RE GONNA GET IT HARD! THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT KIND OF TUNE YOU SING!"

He kept rubbing the paddle against me.

"YOU FEEL THIS BOARD, SON? YOU FEEL THAT? THAT'S THE BOARD THAT'S GONNA BUST YOUR ASS! BUST IT GOOD! 'CAUSE I'M GONNA TAKE THIS BOARD IN MY HANDS, AND I'M GONNA SWING IT AS HARD AS I CAN, AND THIS BOARD IS GONNA LAND SO HARD AND SOLID AGAINST YOUR BUTT THAT YOU'LL SWEAR YOU'RE SITTING BARE-ASSED ON A HOT GRIDDLE! THEN YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO THEN, SON? I'M GONNA TAKE IT AND I'M GONNA HIT YOU AGAIN. AND I'M GONNA FLATTEN YOUR ASS AGAIN, BUT FIRST YOU'RE GONNA THANK ME FOR THE FIRST ONE. YOU UNDERSTAND, SON?"

"Y-yes, Sir." I was already crying, just at the threat of being licked like that. but I had disappointed him and I deserved it. I wanted it. I remember thinking, Please Dad, swat my ass. Swat it *hard*. As hard as you can. I deserve it. make it burn. *Burn*. Like it's never burned before!

"YOU UNDERSTAND, SON?"

"Yes, Sir."

"WHAT?"

"YES, SIR!"

"COUNT 'EM OUT!"

"YES, SIR!"

The rubbing stopped. Dad firmed his stance and gripped the paddle hard by its long handle. I clenched my teeth as I felt it lifted away. Then I heard the sound of air whistling through the holes as he grunted and swung it, throwing every ounce of weight he had and the full weight of his body into the swat.

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"One, Sir. Thank you, Sir!" (My ass exploded as the paddle hit home, sending a fire burning across my butt. I winced in pain and I felt my head fly backward as the full impact of the heavy swat nearly lifted my boots off the floor.)

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"Two, Sir. Th-Thank you, Sir!" (The tears were flowing; I got what I wanted. Hard licks. My butt burned hotter than I ever thought possible as swat number two landed hard and solid on top of the first one.)

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"Three, Sir. Thank you, Sir!"

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"F-Four, Sir—"

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"Five, Sir, Tha—"

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

It continued up to ten swats. The hardest he had ever given me. My crying was more like convulsions, my face blood red, as scarlet as my ass. I couldn't count them anymore, and Dad realized that my punishment was complete. It was the worst paddling of my life.

As I stood there crying and flinching in pain, he gave the order to rise. As I did, my hands flew to my burning butt, and I frantically rubbed it as hard as I could.

But no amount of rubbing can put out a fire like that one. And once I stood up, I fully realized the full fiery impact of those ten licks. Even though Dad had stopped hitting me, the pain in my ass grew hotter and hotter after he quit. I place my hands flat against the worn, faded seat of my jeans and felt the heat radiate off my ass. My ass was a ball of fire from just above the tops of my thighs to my belt line. And completely from side to side. I walked stiffly around the woodshed, crying loudly and rubbing the seat of my pants, my spurs clanging and stirring up dust behind me.

Dad placed the paddle back on the wall and wiped the sweat off his forehead. My dick was hard and straining against my jeans and, as the fire continued to mount in my ass, the fire grew in my crotch. Dad unzipped his fly,

and his big, throbbing dick plopped out oozing with pre-cum. He called me over to him, forcing my own hands off my blazing backside. He placed both his hands on my ass, feeling the heat through my jeans, and noticing the sweat mark that ran down my crack.

"NOT BAD. NOT BAD AT ALL. I FIGURED TEN GOOD LICKS WOULD WARM YOUR ASS UP GOOD."

He reached around in front of me, unbuckled my chaps and jeans and forced them down around my thighs where the chaps were tied with cord. I felt him slowly peel away my sweaty jockstrap down from around my waist, and the cup of the strap was oozing with my pre-cum. My dick popped out at full attention, I guess in grateful approval of his heavy-handed discipline. Dad got down on one knee and more closely examined my red hot, sweaty ass, beet red from the beating he had just given me. He grabbed my dick and balls in his left hand and ran his right hand back and forth across both swollen, red, hot cheeks, feeling the heat from his licking on his hard, calloused hand. My ass continued to burn, but Dad's hand felt good back there, massaging and kneading my bruised and blistered butt, as I continued to cry softly.

The next thing I knew, Dad threw me over the workbench, my ass up. I knew what was coming next. Among his many paddles, Dad has some other items out there, and I saw him reach for the grease gun. It is a real grease gun, the kind you buy in a hardware shop, only Dad keeps his filled with Crisco. It's over a foot long, with a four-inch pointed metal tip and a syringe-type action and trigger. After pumping the gun with air, gentle pressure and releasing the trigger forces the grease through the pointed tip. Dad has several of these, for different purposes.

After checking that his gun was "loaded" with plenty of Crisco, Dad parted the cheeks of my ass with his thumb and forefinger and slowly inserted the metal tip in my ass. He applied pressure to the back of the gun and soon I felt the warm, gooey grease force its way inside me. Dad increased the pressure and more of the stuff slid into me, filling me up like a warm, gooey, solid enema. I had to clench my teeth to keep from shitting it out, as the grease found no place else to go. The gun was more than half empty, as Dad really leaned on that gun. I fought for a few seconds, then suddenly the full remainder of the liquid entered me in one thrust.

I clenched my butt muscles shut tight as Dad removed the tip, and the urge to shit passed as I made a home for the grease.

Dad put the gun down.

"NOW I'M GONNA FUCK ME A HOT ASS!"

He unbuckled his belt and pulled it through the loops of his jeans in one mighty yank, doubled it over in his hand and shouted, "YOU SEE THIS BELT, SON? IF YOU LET GO OF ONE DROP OF THAT GREASE—ONE DROP! I'M GONNA BLISTER YOUR ASS SOME MORE WITH MY BELT! YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"Yes, Sir."

He unfastened his chaps and jeans and stepped out of them, removed his shirt and kept only his boots and spurs on. He walked around in back of me, threw his big arms around my waist, and shoved his mighty dick into me with one giant thrust.

It went in easily, because of the giant lube job, but the large length and girth of it forced that grease further and further up into me. He fucked me hard, and each thrust sent the solid matter crashing into my prostate causing my already throbbing erection to get angry and red. Without laying a hand on my penis I shot the load of my life. It cleared the workbench entirely, and hit the wall at eye level, spraying cum all over a number of Dad's prized paddles. I knew that Dad would be really pissed off, first at me having an ejaculation without his permission. But I didn't know what he would do to me for spraying his paddles with my illegal cum. But that fact, I must confess, did not stop me from enjoying the most satisfying, and the most messy, orgasm of my 25 years. Dad continued pumping me harder and harder, and I winced each time his massive body slapped up against my tender butt. When I felt him tighten, he grabbed me in a tight hammer lock and filled me with load after load of his sweet cum.

He released me and spoke his first kind words to me. "Mike, get yourself cleaned up, son."

He hadn't seen the paddles! I figured I could come back later and clean things up. I went into the house, barely making it to the toilet and exploded into it. I cleaned myself up and once again put my clothes back on, my ass still burning from the licks.

I wish the story ended there, but there's more.

I crept back into the woodshed, intending to clean up my mess before Dad discovered it. When I entered, there he was, fully clothed, his hands on his hips, waiting for me, staring at his paddles dripping with my cum. Dad took a step backward and drew his leg back and, with all his force, planted his tight boot across my butt hard, in a mighty kick that sent me to the floor.

Dad took each paddle that was affected, seven in all, and placed them side by side on the floor of the shed. He stood over me with a clean paddle as I carefully cleaned each paddle with my tongue, removing the cum. He made sure my ass was up in the air and, if he thought I missed a spot, he brought the paddle down in a downswing to my upturned ass. I was not allowed to touch the paddles, only with my tongue.

When I finished cleaning the first paddle, he picked it up off the floor, turned it over, and inspected it thoroughly for cleanliness.

"IT LOOKS ALL RIGHT, BUT I'D BETTER TEST IT OUT."

I spread my knees and bent forward with the palms of my hands flat on the floor.

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"Good as new."

The procedure was repeated six more times, with several paddles failing Dad's inspection as well as his "test." I worked my tongue across the paddles, in and out of holes, cleaning them as best I could with a mixture of spit and tears. Many hours and many licks later, Dad was satisfied that his paddles were clean and that I had been adequately punished.

After it was all over, Dad hugged me with all his might and last night he rubbed first aid cream into my blistered, bruised ass. It was then that he told me that as further punishment, I must write this letter to you, with the added threat that if the letter is not to satisfaction I can expect a trip to the woodshed tomorrow.

Dad, I have done the best job I can do. I know there are some spelling mistakes, and I don't really know how to type, but I hope you will overlook these and be proud of me again.

I am very sorry for the oversleeping yesterday, and I am very sorry for the mess I made in the woodshed. I thank you for using the paddle on me yesterday. I deserved it. I hope you can forgive me for making it necessary for you to take me to the woodshed, and that I can once again make you proud of me. I learned my lesson, and from now on I am going to work even harder to be a good son. I am going to wake up every morning on time, fix you a good breakfast, and make you proud of me. Because of all the dad's in the whole world, my dad's the greatest.

Your loving son,
Mike

Last Word

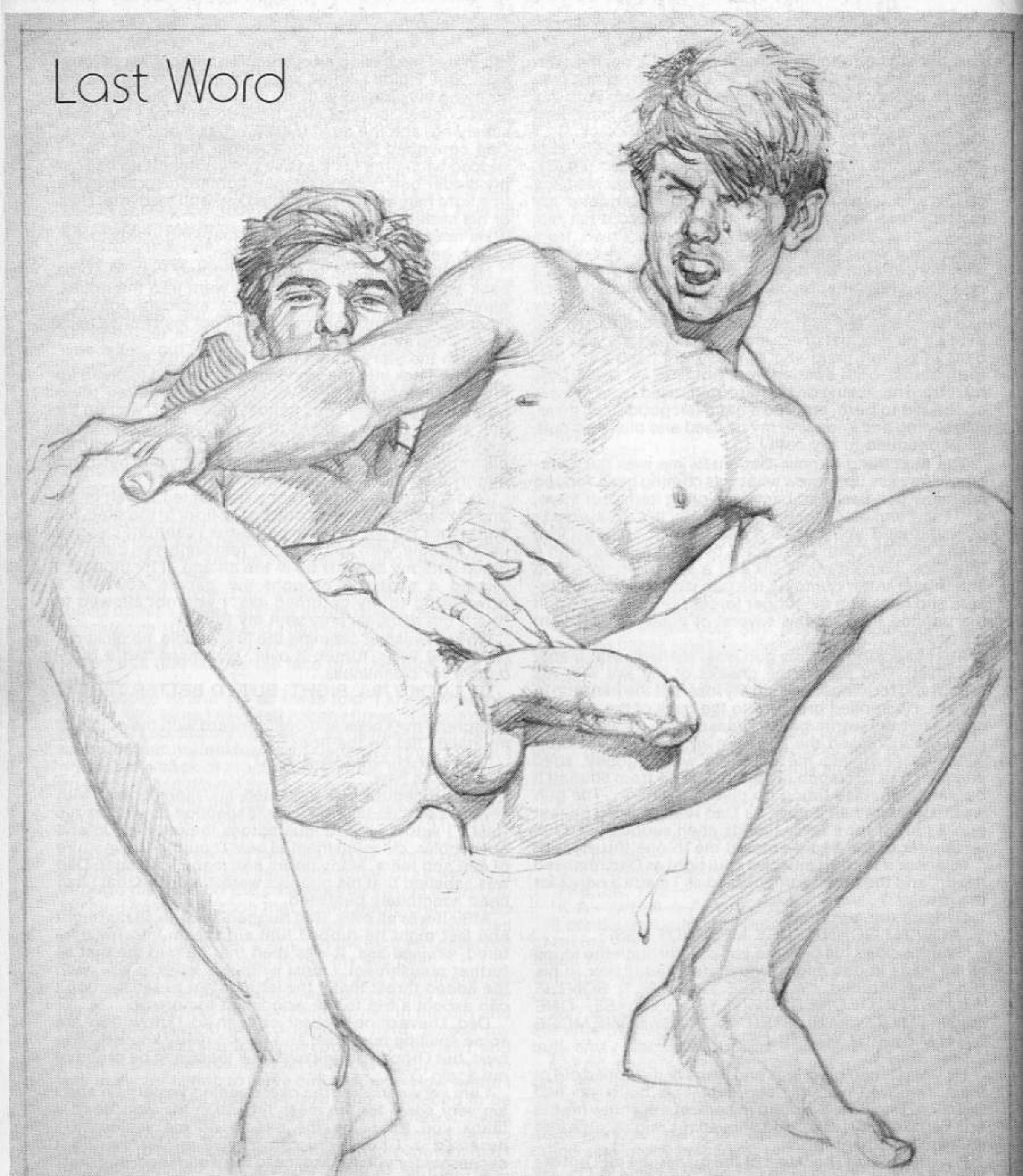

Illustration: Harry Bush

DID YOU GET YOUR MEGAS TODAY?

Vita men

THE FORMULA

SIX TABLETS CONTAIN:	POTENCY	%RDA
Vitamin A Beta Carotene	10,000IU	200%
Vitamin A palmitate	5,000IU	100%
B1 (Thiamine)	100 mg	6667%
B2 (Riboflavin)	100 mg	5882%
Niacinamide	100 mg	500%
B3 (Niacin)	50 mg	250%
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	1500%
B6 (pyridoxine)	100mg	5000%
B10 (para-amino benzoic acid)	100 mg	***
B12 (cobalamin concentrate)	200 mcg	3333%
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100%
Biotin	100 mcg	333%
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	***
Inositol	125 mg	***
Gota Kola	25 mg	***
Ginseng	25 mg	***
Vitamin C	1000 mg	1667%
Bioflavinoids	200 mg	***
Rutin	75 mg	***
Vitamin E (d-alpha tocopherol)	400IU	1333%
Octacosanol	250 mcg	***
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mg	87%
Silica	500 mcg	***
Vanadium	75 mcg	***

	POTENCY	%RDA
Vitamin D3	1000IU	25%
Iodine	225 mcg	150%
Iron (Amino acid chelate)	20 mg	111%
Potassium asparate	55 mg	***
Selenium	150 mcg	***
Molybdenum	50 mcg	***
GTF Chromium	200 mcg	***
Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	100 mg	667%
Copper (Amino acid chelate)	2 mg	100%
Manganese	20 mg	***
Prostate tissue	50 mg	***
Thymus	10 mg	***
Adrenal	50 mg	***
L-Lysine	750 mg	***
L-Phenylalanine	25 mg	***
L-Glutamine	25 mg	***
L-Ornithine	25 mg	***
L-Tyrosine	25 mg	***
Saw palmetto	150 mg	***
Sarsaparilla	50 mg	***
Echinacea	300 mg	***
Lemon Balm	125 mg	***
Taraxacum	20 mg	***
Licorice	25 mg	***

***No US RDA established for these ingredients

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Fight Back!

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Send me ___ months' supply of VITA-MEN
Enclosed is $19.95 for each plain brown bottle.

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

☐ Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

FIGHT BACK!

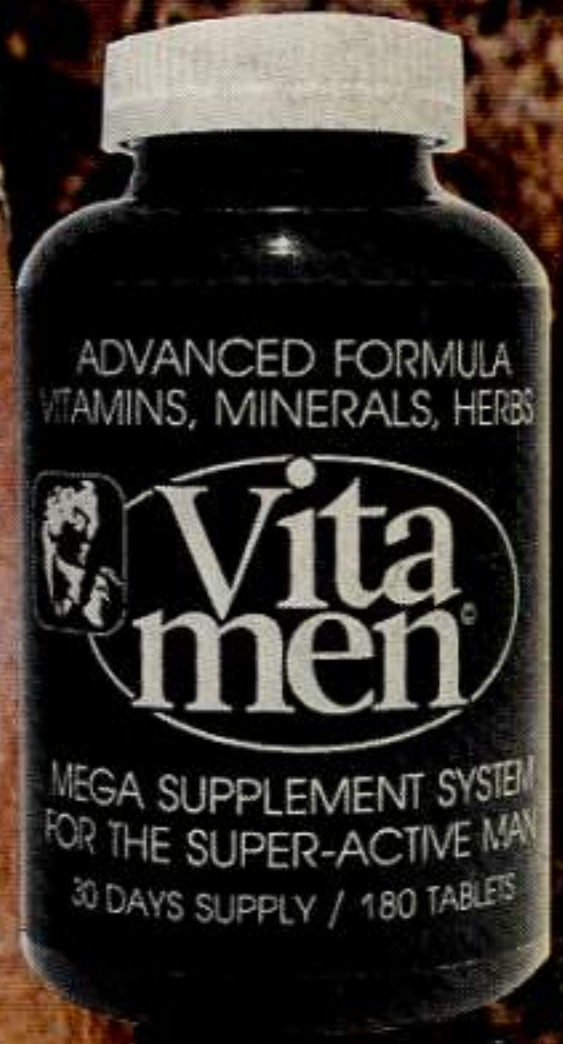
Many of us have been exposed to some of the terrible illnesses going around in our community. Either our personal immune systems can or cannot throw them off. A lot may depend on how strong our body is at the time.

So we decided something had to be done as soon as possible to contribute to the general health and immunity of sexually active men everywhere. We went to the doctors and the lab who developed the original HIM formula and told them we wanted a better one. Instead of an overwhelming collection of assembled pills, we wanted a master tablet developed that could be taken three times a day (to prevent the body's expelling it). The vitamen, mineral and herbal contents must be as natural as possible and must use the more expensive non-allergic oil-free ingredients, with no starch or sugar fillers and no shellac coating for so-called time release.

While we spared no expense on the formula, to keep other costs down we put this new powerhouse product in a plain brown (sealed) medicine bottle with a simple straightforward label.

We said we wanted to make a contribution. The doctors and the lab have helped us succeed beyond our wildest dreams. We have named it VITA-MEN and we are very proud of its accomplishment.

Vita men



THE POWERHOUSE FORMULA IN THE PLAIN BROWN BOTTLE